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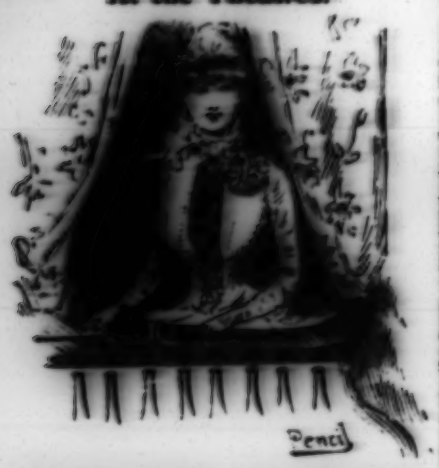


To use the language of the methodical provincial correspondent, "the week is bare of events." With the exception of the production of Prince Methusalem at the Cosmopolitan last Wednesday—which receives attention in the Musical Mirror—and a revival of the everlasting Uncle Tom at the Windsor, there has been nothing new on the carpet. The opening of the Casino garden and terrace on Saturday night next, and the rival production there the following Monday of Prince Methusalem, are the chief novelties ahead. The list of theatres where entertainment may still be had comprises the Casino, Bijou, Windsor, Madison Square, Cosmopolitan and Haverly's. Two of these close Saturday in spite of the *Spirit's* appeals for a universal summer season. When the Windsor shuts its doors for the hot weeks our city, with nearly a million-and-a-half population, will have three places of amusement to choose between.

* * *

The present is the last week of Pop at the Bijou. The run of this piece, considering the season of the year, partakes of the phenomenal. With the exception of a few nights the receipts have been unusually large, and Manager Rice has netted a nice profit from the New York engagement. Monday evening Irene Perry took Kate Castleton's place in the cast and acquitted herself creditably. The chorus of dudes has made a big hit, and is one of the most attractive features of the entertainment. Saturday night, Colonel Porter, the gentleman, "bearded like the pard," who has for a long time guarded the portals of the Bijou with much valor, will take a benefit, the occasion being the last opportunity of seeing Pop.

Next week a large force of workmen will be set to work on the building by Manager Miles, who will make the extensive alterations described at length in THE MIRROR elsewhere. The changes will completely transform the theatre inside and outside, and if the plans are faithfully carried out, we shall have another place of amusement to be proud of.

* * *

The Rajah at the Madison Square repays seeing a second and third time, if only for its scenic beauties. Miss Leslie and Miss Deeves are very charming young people, and their innocent gambolling in this piece is very refreshing on a warm night. Mr. Whiffen's comedy is mildly amusing and Mr. Clarke's *sangfroid* extremely refreshing. The character acting of Mr. Lemoyne, in the part of the attorney, Jekyll, is a Dickens-like portraiture deserving of unqualified praise. Mrs. Whiffen as the garrulous housekeeper and Alfred Klein as the corpulent Buttons compel the heartiest laughter. Mr. Young's comedy is a flimsy affair. He should thank his lucky stars that it was brought to light at this theatre, for stripped of its perfect representation and superb setting it would be set at its intrinsic worth, which is approximately *nil*. The houses have been steadily good, and The Rajah will clear a neat profit for the management before it is sent on the road or shelved.

* * *

Strictly Business, which was expected to run a month at least, will finish much sooner. The management meditate closing on Saturday night, so they announce that "owing to the construction of a brick proscenium wall in the theatre, this is "possibly the last week." As the erection of the wall could take place four weeks hence just as well as at present, we are forced to interpret this as meaning: "Strictly Business has done fairly; but it has not come up to our expectations. We are afraid of the play and of the weather. If the former meets with favor and the latter is propitious, we'll fight it out a little longer. We don't intend to commit ourselves for another week until Saturday night comes round." Truly, a conservative style of doing things, which seems strange at Haverly's, where a slap-bang policy was formerly in vogue.

Bishop has made a very favorable impression on those who have seen him as Philkins, and Gunter's comedy, farce, burlesque, or whatever it may be called, has taken well.

The fun is broad, to be sure; but it is genuine, and there is plenty of it. With a cast strengthened where it now is weak, and a date in the height of the regular season, Bishop would achieve a big success in this city. There is infinitely more merit in star and play than was the case with the Sam'l of Posen production several Summers ago, and if Messrs. Colville and Gilmore felt so disposed they might force Strictly Business along through July and August with results at the end pecuniarily triumphant. One reason why the piece has not drawn better is the totally inadequate manner in which it has been advertised. We doubt if ten per cent. of the New York theatre-going people know there's such a show in town.

* * *

Uncle Tom, played by Jay Rial's Ideal troupe, drew a fair house to the Windsor, Monday. Bloodhounds, donkeys and "sich" do not make the sort of idyll we are hankering after on a Summer evening; and, to tell the truth, there's very little that is idyllic about the manner of the old play's presentation. If such a wretched picture as Uncle Tom of Southern life in *ante-bellum* days can draw, and draw for years and years, why couldn't a well-knit drama on the same subject do likewise? This is a puzzler which we will wait to answer until the weather is cooler.

A Chat with Sam B. Villa.

Among the less pretentious but withal successful managers is Sam B. Villa, who has had fourteen years' experience in the smaller cities of the West and East. Mr. Villa has never been carried away by an ambition to be a great manager, but has confined himself to a chosen field and garnered the fruits thereof. With his talented wife, Agnes Wallace, and daughter, Little Lucie, he resides in the Summer at a little place called Ridgewood, just beyond Paterson, N. J. Last season the Villa company explored what was to them new territory—beyond the Mississippi. A MIRROR reporter had a chat with Mr. Villa on his experiences, during which he said:

"I was particularly well pleased with Iowa. The smaller towns of that State are better equipped with theatrical accommodations than are many of the large towns of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Especially is this so in the important matter of dressing-rooms. We spent five months in Iowa, and in all my professional life I never had a pleasanter time. Our Eastern reputation had preceded us with late settlers there, and business was large during the whole of our stay, which was only cut short by the close of the season. My wife was highly praised for her acting as Miss Multon, many people comparing it favorably with Clara Morris' performance."

"It is said you robbed the Church of one of its shepherds in Illinois," remarked the reporter.

"You refer to that Beardstown, Ill., incident. The clergyman is not so badly off, after all. The orthodox members of his congregation were in the majority, and they turned him out for writing a letter to the press endorsing our entertainment. But at last accounts he was successfully conducting independent services in the opera house there."

"What are your plans for the coming season?"

"To go over the same ground as last season. You see, we give a double entertainment. My wife appears in sombre rôles, and I wind up with a little fun—comic opera, we call it, but in reality it is burlesque. But one must not mention burlesque in the little towns, as it would suggest legs and draw bald-headed audiences; though our burlesques do not invoke the aid of tights and Amazonian marches. I find it necessary to have a brass band in the small towns; the people look for a parade or an open-air concert; won't believe the 'show amounts to anything if there isn't one or the other."

"Your daughter is now quite an important member of your company, is she not?"

"Yes; but the coming will be her last season for some years, as we intend to send her to a private school. This is a great disappointment to her, as she is anxious to remain on the stage. My wife and I have taught her the rudiments, and now we have decided to have her finish her education. She is a great help to me in the burlesques, and has jumped into popularity wherever we have appeared. After a few years at school she shall return to the stage, and then I have hopes that she will make a name to be proud of. In April next my wife will appear in a round of her characters in New York, probably at Miner's new theatre."

"There are quite a number of professional people at Ridgewood?"

"Yes, and they are nice people—all of them. The pastor of a church down there has on more than one occasion spoken in a complimentary way of the colony—if it may be so called. Joseph Jefferson has a very fine residence at Hohokus, near by. He is, as you probably know, a great fisherman. Some years ago he stocked a brook with trout, and then put up signs requesting people not to fish therein for three years. The time is now up. Mr. Jefferson, in spite of his years, is one of the youngest men in the profession. The other day he was talking of his plans for the coming season with all the enthusiasm of youth. He is good to his neighbors, and his hand has gone deep into his pocket more than once to aid the distressed. But he would not thank me for speaking of it."

"When do you open your season?"

"August 25, either in New Jersey or Eastern Pennsylvania. I am pleased to say that my manager for twelve years, Col. J. H. Rice, has recovered from his last stroke of paralysis—the fourth—and goes with me. He was cured at Colfax Springs, Iowa, which appears to be a wonderful place. A railroad conductor told me that he had often helped people on crutches to alight from the cars, and a few months later, when leaving, they had jumped aboard unaided."

The Musical Mirror.

There is some very pretty music in the opera Prince Methusalem, performed for the first time in New York at the Cosmopolitan Theatre on Wednesday last. The *finale* to the first act is really charming, and notwithstanding a somewhat rough interpretation, was warmly applauded and redemanded twice. But, while there are a few nice bits scattered here and there, like plums in a sailor's duff, there are also a heap of dull inventions evidently made up as padding and as savorless as padding usually is. The third act is simply nothing dramatically or musically. The opera is like an inverted triangle; it begins very broad, but tapers away to nothing. Catherine Lewis is as ill-fitted with the part of Prince Methusalem as was Lillian Russell with the character she assumed in the Queen's Lace Handkerchief. Miss Lewis is an admirable actress, but no vocalist—in fact, she is the English Théo; no one can touch her in opera bouffe; she has the true spirit that animates Judic, Aimée, Théo and Paolo-Marié, but the line must be drawn there. She, no more than her congeners, can sing in the true sense of the word; they are pretty little musical twitterers—that is all. Now, the part of Prince Methusalem gives no scope for acting, and what little chance there was was spoiled by the utter inefficiency of Belle Rose, who undertook the part of the feminine support of the piece. Miss Rose has a pretty face, a wiry voice, generally out of tune, an angular figure and a bushel of diamonds. Her support to Miss Lewis reminded us of that pleasing amusement—dancing with a chair for partner or a rub of dummy whist. Honestly, we pitied an artist like Lewis the misery it must have caused her to be forced to act with a partner wholly unable to fill the needs of the character she rashly undertook. Mrs. Lube was very good, bar her accent; but as it was a polyglot opera, anyhow that did not much matter. Mr. Adolfi was funny, although he did not, to our thinking, quite grasp the character of the old Duke. His introduced song in the second act was excellent and received three well-deserved encores. Adolfi is a true humorist, and can make himself felt even in a foreign tongue; his voice, too, in singing is very pleasing. Mr. Ryley should never have condescended to such a part as the banished Duke; there was nothing in it for him to do, and he did it. A really great artist like Mr. Ryley cannot afford to waste his talent and reputation on such trashy parts as he has often allowed to be foisted on him. It is all very well to be good-natured; but kindness may be carried too far, as in the present instance. Mr. Fitzgerald has no voice, and a tenor with no voice, although a very common occurrence, is none the more agreeable. The chorus is good, and Sophia Hummell distinguished herself by her solo in the third act, which was admirably sung and warmly encored.

The orchestra lacks strings to give it body; the scoring is evidently for a fuller band than that at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, and the horn parts are evidently condensed from four to two. Nevertheless, under the *baton* of Mr. Catenhusen the musicians did very well indeed. The setting and dressing of the piece were excellent and reflect credit on the management. The adaptation into English is very poor indeed; but then we are used to that in New York. It is really strange that, with such a brilliant example as Gilbert before their eyes, managers will accept the rubbish that is put forward as adaptations from the French and German; or is it that they know better but will not pay for good work? To be a good adapter one must be a linguist, actor, singer and musician in one. No mere newspaper man, be he never so clever, can take a score and put words bearing their proper relation to the original book under the music, with good accent and discretion; nor can he be trusted to divide the words properly among the voices in concerted music, nor to translate the original text into smooth, harmonious syllables which shall be singable. But, then, what can you expect for ten dollars an act?

Well done or ill done, we do not think that the elements of success are in Prince Methusalem, although there is a good deal of merit both in the music and in the performance.

* * *

The Queen's Lace Handkerchief has done well enough at the Casino to justify the management in refraining from Prince Methusalem until next Saturday night. We had hoped, for the sake of the aforesaid management, that the delay might be continued *sine die*, for we do not think there is any chance of the Prince with the ancient name doing any better than The Queen's Lace Handkerchief. However, if Colonel McCaull does adventure we may be sure it will be played for all it is worth.

* * *

Mr. Pratt's opera of Zenobia, shortly to be given at the Twenty-third Street Theatre, is the work of a thoroughly educated musician, who has also good ideas; but who is just enough of a crank to put them to little good use. Mr. Pratt ignores all precedent, in which he thinks he is doing as Wagner did; but there is this vast difference: Wagner had gone through all the phases of musical development, even as a grub works its way through various forms till it bursts forth as the glorious butterfly. Wagner's early work is strictly legitimate, and only of late years has he found himself strong enough to burst his fetters and essay a free flight. Besides, Wagner had the King of Bavaria at his back. Now, Pratt has none of these things. He has only his sublime self-sufficiency. His is not the ripening of experience, but the sudden bursting forth of vanity, and instead of the unlimited resources of a King, Pratt has only his own means to rely on. Therefore, we fear for Zenobia. There is one peculiarity in the score that will go far to prevent its success, and that is the constant uncertainty of key. No doubt Mr. Pratt is a master of modulation and has his Weitzmann at his fingers' ends; but he need not be so anxious to show his dexterity in chord-compelling to such an extent as to leave the harmony in a continued fog of unresolved dissonances and indistinct harmonies. One would imagine that he was hunting for Sullivan's "Lost Chord" to follow his gyrations among the flats and sharps.

* * *

If the telegraphic list of artists engaged by Mr. Abbey be correct, we shall have a very perfect opera company at the new house next season, including: Sopranos, Mmes. Nilsson, Valleria, Sembrich, Forti and Fursch-Madi; contraltos, Mmes. Scalchi, Trebelli and Lablache, and the latter's daughter Louise; tenors, Signors Campanini, Stagno, Fornari and Grazzi; baritones, Signori Del Puente, Kaschmann and Guadagnini; bassos, Signori Maini, Novara, Contini and Corsini; conductors, Signori Vianesi and Cleofonte Campanini. The entire orchestra, chorus and ballet, with chiefs of departments, have also been engaged, and full costumes for twenty-three operas have been contracted for.

True, the prime donne are not of the class that used to illustrate such grand tragic parts as Norma; but they are very charming artists, nevertheless. Scalchi is the first contralto of the day, speaking from a strictly vocal point, and Trebelli, albeit descended into the vale of years, is the greatest artist among modern contraltos. The men are on a fair level of talent, and Campanini, when left to himself, is the only legitimate successor to Mario we are aware of. True, there is a mythical personage said to haunt the Italian stage, but who refuses to quit his native land, who is asserted to be superior to Campanini. But we are not disposed to accept *omni ignatum pro magnifico*. One Campanini at highest is good enough for us.

Maggie Mitchell at Home.

During the ramble of a MIRROR reporter at Long Branch, Asbury Park, Elberon, etc., last week, he visited the villa of Maggie Mitchell, near the last-named place, where he was met by the hostess and her husband, Mr. H. T. Paddock. Miss Mitchell's country-seat comprises twenty acres and is all under cultivation. The residence is almost hidden from view by a dense forest of oaks, maples, etc. Miss Mitchell, in her country home, is thoroughly domestic, works in her gardens and raises poultry, vegetables, etc. The spacious stables are filled with the choicest stock, from the lilliputian pony—the property of her daughter Fanchon—to the largest and quickest pacer on the road. Her "turn-outs" are the admiration of the sojourners at Long Branch and Asbury Park, to which places she makes daily afternoon jaunts.

"Your appearance would not indicate that you have tired of the profession?" ventured the reporter as he was invited to a seat on the piazza.

"On the contrary, I am just as ambitious as I was when I made my debut. Of course, I enjoy my home here, and the time I can remain seems only too short; and still I am content when I again get before the footlights. I have sometimes gone upon the stage so ill that I could scarcely stand, but the dazzle of the footlights always nerves me. Some years ago I was afflicted with partial paralysis of the left limb, and almost lost the use of it. This was during my Summer vacation, and I was billed to open in a large city. The time was rapidly approaching and I was still on crutches. Every means that medical skill could suggest, including electricity, was brought to bear in my case, but I was benefited but little. The night arrived, the house was crowded, the galleries were noisy, and I was at a side wing on crutches! When the time for my entrance arrived (I was to play Fanchion), with a supreme effort I threw the crutches aside and sprang through the window with the chicken in my arms, and went on with my part as naturally as ever. From that day to this I have never had a recurrence of the trouble. Some have told me there was a Divine interposition in it; but I attribute it solely to my mental excitement and will-power. The story sounds a little Munchausenish, but it is literally true."

"You spoke of a new piece for the coming season; is it already written?"

"No, but it is in competent hands, and will no doubt be ready. It is a strange fact that most of the plays that are submitted to me are written in the Fanchon vein. Authors seem to think I can play nothing but this style of drama. They are in error, and when I read a piece of this kind I invariably return it with the answer, 'Declined, with thanks.' I presume I am hard to please, but I think I know what I want. I am ready to pay the highest price for a play that I think will suit the public and myself."

"Then you have no idea of abandoning the stage at present?"

"No, nor for some time to come, unless I am not needed; and from my past successes I am vain enough to believe that my career is comparatively young. I continue to draw well, make money and please the people. Under these circumstances, I would be foolish to think of withdrawing."

"Will you make any changes in your company this season?"

"Yes; several. It is complete now, and comprises B. E. Graham, R. F. McClannin, S. R. Ellis, James Galloway, W. A. Paul, Charles Lothian, J. H. Redding, F. R. Quinn, Charles F. Martin, Mrs. J. J. Prior, Lizzie Goode, Miss Locke, Eva Byron and Minnie Galloway."

Yours for Health.

The starring fever always rages in July and August. At that time the actor is in a peculiarly receptive condition and especially liable to catch the disease. Perhaps he has had it before and it breaks forth again under the conditions of prevailing miasmatic influences. Fortunately, it is seldom fatal, although it generally leaves the victim in a state of enervation sad to behold. Good actors are frequently laid low by it in the Summer time, particularly when they lack the mental vigor essential to successfully battling with it on its approach. The treatment, according to the best authorities (the parties who have undergone the fever themselves), should be based on the homœopathic principle *similia similibus curantur*, slightly altered in the translation. Experience teaches that like cures the liking in this disease. Gentle stimulants—such as Santa Cruz sours and gin-fizzes—for the stomach are desirable and often have a quieting effect when the febrile symptoms are most pronounced. Cool applications to the head, which is generally swollen to an abnormal size during the primary stage, are beneficial and in many cases result in a speedy cure.

Among the professionals who are at present suffering from this malady is that capital fellow William J. Ferguson. His case is one that evokes our heartfelt sympathy. He has got the starring fever very bad. The crisis will be passed in a New Jersey town shortly, when, let us hope and pray, the Cranberryites will administer to him such a powerful purgative as will clear his system thoroughly and make him a well man again. A diagnosis of Ferguson's case, with its antecedents, will serve as an example of the majority of the same kind.

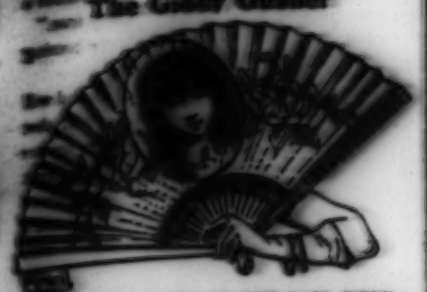
Some few seasons ago he made a genuine hit in the small character of the tramp in Bartley Campbell's Fairfax at the Park Theatre. The characterization was perfect, and the audience quickly recognized that fact. But the play was a failure in all other respects and Ferguson did not profit long by his happy stroke. Then the first symptoms of the dread starring fever appeared. He was heard to remark that he "could star as well as any of them." He drifted into Hazel Kirking. While acting Pittacus Green his soul soared above his work, and he looked enviously at the flaming streamers on the walls bearing the names of successful theatrical spheres which he was certain shone not half so well as he would if given a place in the firmament. This was an undeniable sign that the fever was gathering intensity and only needed a favorable opportunity to burst forth and rage fiercely. That opportunity came with The Dime Novel. Ferguson succumbed, as who would not beneath the weight of such an unrighteous affair as Gunter's masterpiece of rot? The comedian made up his mind—he would try to be a star, nor Heaven nor the other place should prevent him.

He had got it at last. From all accounts at hand he is very sick. He will perhaps be sicker after the climactic period is passed in New Jersey; but that is always, in the disorder of which we are treating, a certain sign of convalescence. We earnestly hope for his recovery, for he is an excellent adjunct to a stock company or a combination, where there is a wide field for his usefulness.

A healthy desire for advancement is most commendable, but when an unnatural wish to be something more than in him lies besets an actor, as in the case of starring fever we have cited, depend upon it he needs care and nursing. If every soldier aspired to be a general there would be nobody left to do the fighting, and if every player became a star who would remain to do the acting? These remarks we trust will be taken in good part and profited by. The starring disease is so prevalent just now that no professional is free from the danger of contracting it.

Like Lydia Pinkham, THE MIRROR is "yours for health," as well as for everything else that is desirable to the profession. By heeding the well-meant warning in time much misery may be averted by those who have thus far escaped the epidemic.

The Giddy Gusher



ON THE ENORMITIES OF THE PAST WEEK.

There's a little arrangement on steam-boilers indicating their capacity—telling just how much you can crowd 'em with safety. What a magnificent provision of Providence it would be if we mortals were fixed up with tin rinkums that would determine just how much sense to the square inch we could carry.

* * *

It would have saved me a good bit of personal comfort last week. I should not have been called on to assist at several melancholy occasions. The most useful bit of knowledge, and the scarcest kind in this world, is the knowledge of one's own ability. (I'm devoutly thankful for my stock. I sometimes think I don't know what I can do; but I'm bang up certain sure what I can't do, and never try to do it.) The most of my fellow-creatures live in helpless ignorance of their physical and mental resources.

There ain't a well put-up young fellow with a fair pair of biceps on this island to-day but thinks he could knock out Sullivan with six easy lessons in boxing.

There ain't a pill-builder in New York but thinks he could have saved Garfield if he'd only been let loose on him.

There ain't any little water-gruel Bible-banger out in the woods like John the Baptist but thinks if his special eloquence and theology could be aired in the city, that Beecher and Talmage would be things of the past.

There ain't an actor or actress on the boards to-day but firmly believes an opportunity is all that's wanted to make the particular name they bear the grandest and greatest on the roll of fame.

* * *

Feet feel shoes that are tight. A twenty-eight-inch waist is painfully conscious of a twenty-two-inch corset; but human intelligence never by any accident seems to feel its executive limits, and this partial paralysis of my fellow-beings is very distressing.

* * *

It led Annie Berlein to flounder through three hours of emotional drama last Monday night. It led that big, awkward, collapsed flue of a fellow, Bob Graham, to do a pretty, sentimental lover part in conjunction with her. It induced the windy Carreno to desert his little flute, which he can play, and tackle Romeo, which he can't play, last Tuesday night at the Academy. It produced the unpleasant spectacle, on Wednesday night, of a voiceless, plain, gawky little woman trying to sing, look well and act well as the Princess in Methusalem. It created an idea in McCloskey's blonde head that a play would be interesting that was wholly conversational. It led Mordaunt and Colton to do a four-act dialogue down at the Windsor Theatre that was only interrupted by Saturday night and the end of the engagement.

* * *

Great Cæsar's ghost! Think of the enormities of last week! How awful mad I got to see that helpless baby in Two Christmas Eves handed about like a pumpkin-seed gin-bottle among a horde of horrid miners—held upside down by Budworth as the Chinaman till it's tiny face grew livid with that sort of convulsive fear that only a baby can exhibit; and then forced to hear Graham sing, with a dash of Chinese fiddles thrown in. Why, if that unfortunate kid gets through the engagement, Gerry should get it and hang it up with the fiddles and signs he has wrested from jolly little beggars—which ornament his office and show what an immeasurable old pump he is to spend his time preventing little niggers from sitting up late o' nights and neglecting to interfere with such a glaring case of cruelty to animals as the baby business in Two Christmas Eves.

* * *

Then think of my sufferings with Carreno and Berlioz and Shakespeare. Dwell on that stomach-pump act of our fat friend Bishop when he does the strictly sea-sick business with that suction-hose face of his. Contemplate my desire to take Mlle. Belle Rose to the roof of the Cosmopolitan and throw her off; and the fate that confined me to an orchestra stall and allowed her to warble at me. Then fancy a theatrical atmosphere reaching far into the nineties, with two men on their hind legs talking solid columns of words in the nigger dialect supposed to be in use by white folks down South, and you have a faint idea of my sufferings in the week just past.

* * *

It's high time the Fire Commissioners and Police Commissioners and Charity Commissioners were supplemented by another board—"Commissioners on *Suitability*," who will exercise their testing ability on show folks and determine their fitness; for, sure it is, the show folks don't know themselves what they can do and what they can't.

Here's Annie Mack Berlein, a big, breezy, easy, farcical actress, going to storm inoffensive hamlets with a part requiring a young, romantic-appearing, soft-voiced, slender girl.

Here's poor, little, weak-kneed, timber-toed Anna Dickinson buckling on her harness to do Richard and her humpbacked Hamlet again.

Here's poor old Lisa Weber taking off her clothes in Chicago, getting ready to do Mazeppa. "Again she urges on her mad career," etc.

Here's an old hen in Fifty-seventh street, who certainly weighs 200 pounds, going to do Julia for a charity with an amateur society.

Why, they are partially paralyzed, and those who hear 'em will be wholly so, and they should be restrained. We throw out pickets and detain vessels at Quarantine that have cholera and yellow fever on board, while these devastating craft sail right into town and do their darndest unquestioned and unmolested.

* * *

Annie Berlein as Mrs. Lochmuller was admirable. Anna Dickinson on the platform as a lecturess is unapproachable. Lisa Weber, twenty years ago, might have played Mazeppa without an ulster and with some success. And old Mrs. J—— might even now attempt Master Walter with some show of reason. But the ignorance they all show of their own capacity leads me to cry out, as I did at the head of this column, for some sort of a gauge-cock to apply to humanity that they may know how much steam 'tis really safe to carry.

* * *

And if the ingenious party who takes up my suggestion and invents that labor-saving machine will also produce an attachment to apply to talented people, actors and writers, singers and artists of all sorts, that will determine when they have written or sung or acted themselves out and survived their usefulness, he will be a very Edison of a fellow.

* * *

Time was when new books from such sources as Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Payn, Robinson and Marryat or Braddon were popular blessings. The last book of Trollope reconciled us to his death. The last books of Collins lead one to calmly contemplate his demise with satisfaction; and if Miss Marryat's "Facing the Footlights" don't deserve sudden destruction, no book over did. The stage is interesting as a subject in a novel; but Miss Marryat, who has lately become an actress herself, makes about as stupid a book out of it as one can imagine. Yes, it's a good thing to know when to stop, even when you do a thing well. Stand on your hand, as the boys out West say, remembering Sam Weller, Sr.'s, advice to Sam Weller, Jr., when the latter was writing a valentine—to stop and give the recipient a chance to wish there was more.

That argument, combined with the fact that you go to press at an unholy hour this week, leads me thus abruptly to cut it and subscribe my dignified cognomen,

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

An Incident of the Road.

Big Jennie Kimball, with Little Corinne, a pug dog and fourteen members of her troupe, registered at a St. John (N. B.) hotel, a week or so ago, en route to St. Johns, N. F. Mose Fiske smuggled the pug into the hotel in his hat; but when placing it in Miss Kimball's room, he forgot to remove its collar and bells.

During the supper hour the dog made known his presence by the bells, and the landlady hurriedly informed her husband of the presence of the intruder. The latter turned pale and the carving implements dropped from his nerveless grasp. He called Mrs. Kimball aside and whispered to her that "no dorgs were allowed in the rooms." A horrible suspicion seized Mose Fiske; he dropped his knife and fork, clutched the napkin at his throat, and yelled: "We are all poisoned!" and then fainted in the arms of Susie Parker.

To be reportorically exact, "a scene of the wildest confusion followed." Mrs. Kimball stormed at the landlord; but he was obdurate. Little Corinne pleaded with the landlady; but she was unyielding. Mose Fiske, as he recovered from his swoon, faintly gasped: "What horrible nightmare is this? Have I been singing 'Larry O'Brien' again and been shot at?" Finally the manageress, pale but determined, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we follow the dog!"

With wistful glances the half-eaten supper was left behind; the hungry procession slowly formed, and, headed by the stately Kimball and the "infant phenomenon," followed by Mose with the dog in his arms, wended its way to another hotel and to bed.

Inhuman Economy.

A disinclination to provide even the most absolutely necessary comforts and accommodations for the actors and actresses engaged in the combinations that support stars, is showing itself, and it cannot too soon be denounced. There is surely little enough comfort in the life of a man or woman constantly on the road and liable to be called upon to start after an exhaustive performance and travel all night to the next town, and this night after night, with no intermission, for many weeks; but when to such inconveniences is added the deprivation of needful rest, by having to sit up all night in an ordinary railroad car, for lack of a sleeping berth, the hardship becomes cruelty.

We have heard lately of a party which travelled with reasonable comfort all last season, with sleeping-cars and omnibuses provided by the management, and of which the leading members were re-engaged for the coming season, being astounded by the receipt of a form of contract in which the salaries were put at the same figure as before; but a special clause was inserted to the effect that neither sleeping-cars nor omnibuses would be provided in future, thus reducing the salaries of the company by at least five dollars a week each person. Now, this might not be so onerous on the high-salaried members, to whom five dollars is not a mountain of gold; but to the small people whose pay ranges from fifteen to twenty-five, or even thirty, dollars per week, it simply meant either starvation during the following Summer or deprivation of the rest and comfort that was absolutely essential to their decency and health during the working season.

We will take, for instance, a girl on a salary of $30 per week for a season averaging thirty-six weeks, during which she will have to provide at least five new dresses for the stage besides keeping up the appearance of a lady in private. She has also to save up enough money to keep her from the latter end of May up to the following September or October. Now, surely that is as much as can be expected of her, be she never so prudent; but if, in addition, she has to pay for her own sleeping berth and omnibus, it simply comes to this, that she must pass her nights sitting up in the cars, exposed to the rudeness of any fellow-traveler who may think an actress fine game, or to be beholden to some member of the company who has more money than she, and who may be disposed to disburse for the sake of *Les beaux yeux*.

We unhesitatingly assert that such mean trimming of already miserable salaries is offering a premium to misconduct and forcing the weak and dependent members of what ought to be the avocation of a lady into one that bears a coarse appellation. If a star is not able to afford his assistants the necessaries of life, the sooner he ceases to twinkle the better.

Professional Doings.

—Manager Collier went to Boston Saturday evening, remaining over Monday to see Patience at the Bijou.

—W. J. Scanlan has arrived in town.

—L. E. Spencer arrived from Texas Friday afternoon.

—Ridgewood, N. J., has quite a little theatrical colony.

—Haverly's Mastodons have closed a successful season.

—John T. Raymond has been twenty-seven years on the stage.

—Dr. Robertson sailed for Scotland on the *Anchoria* last Saturday.

—The Lotos Club will dine Henry Irving shortly after his arrival.

—Dan Rice rejoined Nathans' Circus at Meadville, Pa., last week.

—Owen Fawcett closes his travelling season in Michigan on August 1.

—The number of "Original Spanish Students" is again on the increase.

—The theatrical colony at Long Branch is not so numerous as usual this year.

—Stephen Fiske has been doing a good deal of magazine work recently. He is a contributor to several leading periodicals.

—Ruggles' hot supes: Those at the "Macy street" theatre in overcoats and fur hats.

—E. J. Matson, of the Syracuse Opera House, arrived at the Morton on Friday.

—Charles O. White left Saturday evening for Detroit to rush the work on his Grand Theatre.

—May Henry has been re-engaged to play juveniles during the season with Robson and Crane.

—A Friendly Tip will be played by W. J. Ferguson in Newark on Friday and Saturday nights.

—Frank D. Wade goes with the Mestayer Tourists in a P. P. C. this season as business manager.

—Thomas Farron, of Baker and Farron, has arrived in the city from Buffalo to engage the season's company.

—The circuses this season have encountered more chill weather, mud and rain than in the memory of the oldest ringster.

—Alf Burnett, the humorist, opens a season in London this month. He closed his season at Harper's Ferry, Md., last Thursday.

—J. B. Studley will probably engage with Brooks and Dickson for one of their attractions. He is now considering an offer.

—Clara Louise Kellogg, whose voice has been lost to the public for a season or so, will spend a part of the Summer at Saratoga.

—Emma Hager has been engaged to play Jennie Eastman, the Flower Girl, with Gus Williams in One of the Finest during the coming season.

—John P. McCann, travelling agent for the Missouri, Pacific and Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railroads, made a flying visit to New York last week.

—The exodus of professionals Saturday was extensive. Depots and wharves were thronged with gripsack carrying actors going out of town for a pleasant Sunday.

—Where will Salmi Morse celebrate the Fourth?

—Annie Douglass is suing T. Stuart Smith for back salary.

—John T. Macauley, of Louisville, arrived at the St. James last week.

—E. D. Davies, the ventriloquist, is performing at a London music-hall.

—The extreme heat Monday night caused a palpable falling off of receipts.

—Sarah Bernhardt is to appear shortly as Fédora at the Gaiety in London.

—Lisa Weber, an original dizzy blonde, will star in Dick Turpin and Mazeppa.

—Alonzo Schwartz is to be replaced by Max Fehrmann in Milton Nobles' company.

—Louis Muldener is at her home in Brooklyn. She has not signed yet for next season.

—Friday of this week will be a souvenir night at the Bijou, celebrating the fiftieth Pop.

—Nowland's Opera House, Covington, Ky., devoted to variety entertainments, opened its season July 2.

—Manager Frank P. O'Brien, manager of O'Brien's Opera House, Montgomery, Ala., has arrived in town.

—Charles B. Hanford, William H. Bobbe and Mattie Wood have been engaged for William Stafford's tour.

—M. Reis, after six pleasant weeks on the Square and at Rockaway Beach, left for Bradford, Pa., last night.

—The Vine Street Opera House (variety), Cincinnati, will reopen August 4, under the management of S. Gabriel.

—F. B. Warde has added St. Marc to his repertoire. The leading role therein was one of the late E. L. Davenport's favorite characters.

—John Robinson's Circus, after touring the Pacific Slope, leaves for New Zealand and Australia Oct. 20. The transportation will cost $40,000.

—After the Oakland Garden, Boston, engagement this week, Tony Pastor closes for four weeks, reopening at Rondout, N. Y., on August 6.

—A pretty girl and talented actress, Marjorie Bonner, has signed with Stetson for the Fifth Avenue. She was a member of Rhea's company last season.

—Charles E. Sturges has obtained judgment for $148 and Frank D. Hall for $268 against Josh Hart. This money is back salaries earned nearly five years ago.

—Adolph Neuendorff, the late manager of German theatricals, has assigned. His liabilities are $61,200, and the assets something over one-twelfth that amount.

—James Collins, recently of Heuck's, has been engaged by R. E. J. Miles as business manager of the latter's two Cincinnati theatres, the Grand and Robinson's.

—William Gimber, of Kansas City, Mo., J. W. Shannon's brother-in-law, wants to hear from his family, who reside in New York, and whom he has not seen in ten years.

—Lizzie Evans, a bright little soubrette, will begin a brief starring season at Heuck's (old) Opera House, Cincinnati, under the joint management of John H. Havlin and Charles E. Callahan.

—Mrs. William J. Comley presented her happy husband with a son at their home in Philadelphia on Sunday morning. Mr. Comley reports by telegraph: "Mother and child doing well."

—Kit Clarke is back from the Rangeley Lakes of Maine. He got here Sunday. To-day (Tuesday) he will submit to a surgical operation at the hands of Dr. Mason, of Bellevue.

—Max Strakosch's season at the Twenty-third Street Theatre will begin on August 26, when Pratt's Zenobia will be done. Extensive alterations in the stage and auditorium of the theatre are to be made.

—Edward Tannehill has brought suit against Gus Mortimer and Roland Reed for alleged breach of contract. During the season he claims they reduced his salary, and on his objecting they discharged him.

—Harriet Webb has received a marked compliment in being asked to read before the Teachers' Association of this State. Mrs. Webb next season may enter the profession, having received good offers from Stetson and other managers.

—Blanche Mortimer (Mrs. W. H. Lytell) had a very flattering reception in the part of Lisa, in The White Slave, in St. John, N. B. Bartley Campbell's representative down there pronounced her performance to be superior to that of any who have yet assumed the role.

—The date of Marie Prescott's opening at the Union Square in Vera, is August 20. A preliminary instalment of her paper now decorates the dead-walls and bill-boards. Oscar Wilde is expected to supervise the initial representation of his drama.

—The Aronsons are hard workers. Pretty much all their time is devoted to the Casino. The brothers are capitally mated, Edward having a business turn of mind and Rudolph possessing musical talent which fits him well for the position of artistic director.

—The company which went to Chicago to support McKee Rankin in The Corsican Brothers comprises Lewis Morrison, James D. Beveridge, J. J. Holland, Jerome F. Stevens, John Jack, George Robinson, John Morgan, Luke Martin, Emily Rigl, Lizzie Goode and and Bessie Justice.

—Max Strakosch went up to Peekskill last Friday to visit the Seventh Regiment in camp and enjoy the fun of their burlesque dress parade. During the evening Max was robbed of a handsome watch and chain which Clara Louise K. gave him some years ago. The property has not been recovered.

—The ceilings of the new Park Theatre, Cleveland, will be of iron—no plastering. The largest chandelier will cost $1,700. The cost of the block will run much over the original estimate—will probably reach $200,000. Work will begin on the interior before August 1. The roof will be on July 20. The trouble with the workmen is over, and the present cool weather is being taken advantage of in pushing the work.

—Edwards and Jackson's Balloon party have not been heard of since going up. Now Manager Edwards announces the formation of a new company for the presentation of an entertainment of the Bunch of Keys and Pop order, expecting to open early in the Fall. Kate Foley and Polly McDonald are engaged and negotiations will ensue with James Roach and Harry Brown. The new aerostatic speculation will be entitled Edwards' Folly Company.

—Sam B. Vila, Louis Vila and [illegible] Jefferson, Jr., and wife (Gabrielle Pratt) are the cheer of the Episcopal Church at Ridgewood, N. J., these Summer Sundays.

—George Jean left last night for his Indianapolis home, where his vacation will be weeks, going to Detroit later, and expecting to time to go in advance of One of the Finest.

—F. W. Peters, who has played Barbara, in Young Mrs. Winthrop, on the road the past season, has not yet engaged for '86-'87. He has received excellent offers from the press.

—Tom Daly and Lizzie Hudson will become members of Hickibee and Lee's Band of Kaya. They are at present in Boston, having closed season with the Two Johns combination.

—Elliot Barnes has arrived in town. The Summer Garden season closed in Cincinnati. Mr. Barnes says his season was very good until he struck Denver. Time for the coming season is nearly all filled.

—The Scandinavian residents of Manistee, Mich., are building an opera-house-rink there to be known as Scandinavian Hall. It will be dedicated the latter part of this month if no attractions can be secured.

—Manager J. P. Garland, of Waco, is running things theatrical in Central Texas. He is doing all his booking from Waco, and refuses to join either the Barnum or Sells circuits.

—Frank C. Gayler, manager of John E. Ince, has published a caution to managers not to play The Boarding-School or Fun in a Boarding-School. Ince will open with the piece in St. Louis July 9.

—Charles Benson, of Dallas, Texas, is in town booking for Corsicana, Dallas, Galveston, Ft. Worth, Gainesville, Sherman, Paris and Texarkana. The average distance between these places is 48 1-3 miles.

—L. E. Spencer will open his Hanover Theatre, in Galveston, Texas, the latter part of September. The name of the new house is very suggestive, considering the state of feeling among managers down there.

—The season will open on Clay and Buckley's Saginaw Valley (Mich.) circuit Sept. 5 with Gus Williams. Two combinations a week will be played in the larger towns. The new opera house at East Saginaw will be completed late in September.

—Gertrude Kellogg, who has just finished an engagement with Hermann Vezin, at the Gaiety Theatre, London, writes the Gunter-Edgar Syndicate asking to be allowed the privilege of displaying her dramatic powers in America as Lady Macbeth.

—Duprez, the minstrel manager, will make an effort to regain his prestige of seasons past by running out a company of sixty or seventy performers. It will take the road the latter part of August, under the name of Duprez and Benedict's Gigantic Minstrels.

—Walter Owen, last season with Barney McAuley, is at Hot Springs for his health, where he is improving rapidly and will remain four weeks longer. He writes that there are lots of professionals at the Springs who are being boiled down to a healthy consistency.

—The Continental Guards of New Orleans close their Summer tour in Cincinnati on the 14th. Although their tableau drills have received a great deal of newspaper praise, the tour has not been a success. The general opinion seems to be that they made a mistake in starting out in Summer.

—Sol Smith Russell, who has been missing for some time, is touring in the extreme Northwest with Edgewood Folks and drawing full houses at $1, $1.50 and $2. We are indebted to Manager F. G. Berger for this information. After a month on the frontier of civilization the company opens in San Francisco, August 6, for three weeks.

—Members of the Madison Square Directory will have their offices on the front walk this week, as the work of tearing out the present catacomb of small ones began last Saturday. The floor above is to be included, making additional and much-needed room. The work of reconstruction will occupy about four weeks.

—John Russell starts for California, next Monday, with Maude Granger and a supporting company including Frank Losee, W. S. Harkins, J. W. Summers, William H. Daly, Messrs. Brennan and Heywood, and Minnie Vane and Lillian Chantore, to make good a contract of John A. Stevens which the Frisco managers would not cancel.

—Howorth's Hibernica closed a season of forty-five weeks at Gouverneur, N. Y., on Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. John Howorth have returned to their home in Maplewood, Mass. Will J. Banks, business manager; Mr. and Mrs. McGill, Annie F. Irish, Harry F. Hall, Frank Duffy and John J. Shea summer around Boston. Bryan O'Lynn and Professor Korn have gone to Chicago.

—A Summer shred of F. B. Warde's company, including Messrs. B. Charles Hague, Beach, Handysides, Woditzka, Stanley and possibly Lottie Church and other ladies, anticipate success and pleasure at Penn Yan, Yates County, N. Y., where they open this week with Marble Heart, and will continue giving a different play each week and only one performance weekly.

—At the matinee Saturday the charms of the tented Mascotte in Brooklyn were powerless to ward off the regular circus rain. Harry Brown attempted an apology for the general dampness of things by addressing the audience previous to the third act: "Ladies and gentlemen, we wish it distinctly understood that by a special contract with Old Prob., the weather clerk, we were to have rain only on Sunday evenings, but, by some misunderstanding, the old sinner has pulled the string a day too soon."

—The Casino, in its Fourth of July garb, will be opened to the public next Saturday evening. Yesterday the rustic seats arrived, also the floor covering, and the neat gas fixtures of Moorish pattern, surmounted by pearl-colored globes, were hung in profusion from the beautiful ceiling on the buffet floor. The fairy-land appearance of these top floors will prove surprising to the New York public. The opening will be signalized by a farewell performance of The Queen's Lace Handkerchief. At the promenade concert immediately following the performance nothing but light operatic and dance music will be played, and will consist of about ten selections. A specialty fun concert is being arranged for Sunday evening, which may be enjoyed from the roof; and Monday evening Prince Methusalem receives a [illegible] presentation, with seventy in the cast; [illegible] costumes, scenery by Phil Goodwin [illegible] tain novelties withheld from publication.

PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

I thought as few of us would care to receive my last week's letter, as all the theatres open reported the programmes of the previous week, t'e only new one offered being at the Windsor Theatre, where that well-known waif, Uncle Tom's Cabin, was presented, with bloodhounds, darkeys, and an otherwise strong cast.

At Oakland Garden Callender's Minstrels repeated the success of last week, attracting and pleasing large numbers during the week, and there is no doubt but that this place of amusement will be largely attended, as some of the best attractions in the country are booked, and many of our citizens will make it their Summer resort, taking vacations weekly for a couple of hours. This week Tony Pastor and a very strong co. will appear, to be followed next week by Rice's co. in Iolanthe.

The Sorcerer finished its three weeks' run at the Bijou, giving general satisfaction and attracting well-pleased audiences. A number of changes in the cast have been made since the opening night, caused by illness and departures from the city. This week Iolanthe will be presented, with a cast embracing a number of good names, the principal attraction being the appearance of Sadie Martinot in her original character of Lady Angela, which, although not a star part, will probably be the means of drawing and perhaps cause many of the dudes to remove the crape which they have been wearing since Lillian Russell's non-appearance. Iolanthe will be placed upon the stage with that attention to detail for which this theatre is becoming noted.

The Mascotte, at the Boston Museum, gives place this week to The Grand Duchesse, which will be presented with Emma Howson in the title role. It is the intention of the managers to present a number of operas during the Summer season, and make many additions to the co.

Ranch 50 will be presented for the last week at the Boston Theatre, and if this week proves as successful as the others, Harry Meredith will have succeeded in drawing large houses for four weeks, contrary to the expectations of many. The mechanical effects are winning much praise.

At the Windsor Theatre, as before stated, Uncle Tom's Cabin was presented, and succeeded in drawing large numbers. At the matinees invitations were extended to the school children, and it is needless to state that the opportunities were embraced by them to improve their minds.

The Boylston Museum presented a programme of the usual excellence, and this week a large number of new people will appear. The Park and Globe remain closed, and the talk about a new theatre on Hollis street is lessening. The chances are that a tenement-house will be built there, where scenes from family life will usually be on the programme.

At Beacon Park, this week, Dr. Carver, Buffalo Bill and a large number of Indians and Mexicans will present scenes from the Far West, in which presentments of robberies, scalping, etc., will be prominent.

J. W. Collier is in the city. The report that Mr. Lamb attached some of the scenery in New York belonging to William Harris, of this city, is, I believe, true. Mr. Lamb claimed that salary was due him, but as Mr. Harris engaged him for the run of The Thunderbolt and paid him for services rendered, Lamb naturally lost the case, and, as Harris wanted the scenery, which was detained at Oakland Garden, Mr. Lamb may suffer for smoking too much. Mr. Fennessden has gone to Long Branch. With this number of the *Folio* a new volume opens. Since Earl Marble has been editor the paper has been bright and popular, and his column of "Marbles" usually contains many witty sayings. In fact, the editor makes good shots with his "Marbles." William Lewis, since his connection with the Boston Museum as advertising agent, has made many friends. George Ulmer was in this city last week. Mamie Knight will probably return to the stage next season. A new song, entitled "Is That So?" has been dedicated to her. Charles Yale left Boston last week. Charles Pattee will shortly leave Boston for his usual Summer vacation at Compton, N. H. Frank Lewis, finding that it does not pay to continually bet against the Boston Nine, will shortly accept an engagement at O'Dale Stevens' Circus. A song, entitled "Sunshine After Rain," music by Lon Dinsmore, words by M. J. Messer, has been dedicated to Little Corinne.

PHILADELPHIA.

Bijou Theatre: This is the final week of the season, which has held out against the warm weather long after all the other theatres were closed. The bill for the half week—for the house closes after the performance on the Fourth—will be Jack Harkaway in the Army. Lillie Hinton, William H. Griffith and William Davidge will be in the cast, and the addition of Slasher and Crasher, with Mr. Davidge as Halstead, is also enacted. The Bijou will remain closed but little more than a month. The house will continue next season as the only stock theatre in this city. All the old favorites will be retained. There was some question of pretty and talented Lillie Hinton starring next season, but it seems to have fallen through. With a play to suit her there is money to be made in taking Lillie Hinton out. She has the charm of very great magnetism, and a full, rich voice. There is many a star now before the public that would be thrown into the shade by Miss Hinton.

The Maennerchor Garden, Belmont Mansion and Lauber's Garden Concerts are all attracting large audiences nightly. Levy, the gifted cornetist, who plays at every concert given at the Maennerchor and Belmont, is the great feature of attraction. He ever responds graciously to the eager enthusiasm of the great American music fiend, and often plays twelve or fifteen pieces in [illegible]. When will the American public understand the [illegible] and vulgarity of the encore craze?

Arch Street Opera House: The tableaux presented by the Confederate Guards from New Orleans were interesting, artistic and handsome, but were poorly attended. It is too late in the season for anything but [illegible] to draw in this city.

Master Gilder William Davidge, Jr., had the satisfaction of a big benefit. Everyone likes Davidge.—[illegible] Atlantic City on Sunday. He had a [illegible], but warmest prompt enough.—The Monumental Garden offers a patriotic programme for the night of the Fourth, but no fireworks.—Gus Mortimer has arrived in town after a very successful season with Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels. He will spend the Summer at home, and rejoin the co. in Chicago, where they open their season early in August, and then play toward the East, appearing early in the Fall at the Arch Street Theatre. Mr. Clapham has definitely severed his connection with McKee Rankin to devote his entire time to the management of this co.—The Germania Orchestra will try something even more important the coming season. Encouraged by the success given their series of Symphony concerts last, they will give a series of four this Winter, for which their ranks will be recruited to the number of sixty.—There is a great desire in this city for the establishment of a first-class stock co.—There is no more and little to tell.

CINCINNATI.

Manager James E. Furnessy returned with from that Mecca of gentlemanly, New York City, having booked quite a formidable say of attractions for both of Heuck's theatres. The Harvey-Otey comb., composed largely of Cincinnati talent, will dedicate a new opera house in Hamilton on the 4th. C. J. Reilly and O. W. Eagle (the latter a resident of Gallipolis), two ambitious aspirants for honors histrionic, who made their debut at Manager Collins' benefit on June 4, will become full-fledged professionals during the coming season. Reilly links fortunes with the Oliver Doud Byron comb., while Eagle has signed with the Minnie Maddern party.

Newland's Opera House, Covington, Ky., will be opened all on a first-class variety theatre. W. Henry Rice, of Haverly's Minstrels, was in the city 28th, and reports the Mastodons as having disbanded in Chicago recently, with the salary list largely unpaid. That bright little southern artiste, Lizzie Evans, is announced for a short engagement at Heuck's Opera House in the latter part of August, under the joint management of John H. Havlin and Charles E. Callahan. Frank O'Brien, manager of the Birmingham (Ala.) Opera House, was in the city 29th, en route for New York. Manager F. Harris, of Pittsburg, has begun the reconstruction of his new museum in this city, and proposes to have the same in readiness for formal opening about the 1st of September.

The Vine Street Variety Opera House will open August 4 under the management of Sigmund Gabriel, who also conducts the Eldorado, a free concert hall in this place. John J. Riley, a clever comedian, and for several months under Charley Smith's management, stage director of the Vine Street Opera House, is in the city. The question of tendering the Continental Guards a public reception is being agitated. Manager L. H. Reist, of the Dayton Soldiers' Home Theatre, was in the city June 25 on a brief visit.

The *Enquirer* of to-day's date contains a telegram from New York City announcing the engagement of James Collins, recently of Heuck's, as business manager of Bob Miles' theatres, the Grand and Robinson's, during the ensuing season. In such an event much curiosity is entertained locally as to what disposition will be made of Harry Lewis (Miles' nephew), who now acts in that capacity. The exhibition of Casilly Adams' painting, "Custer's Last Fight," did not attract very large attendance, owing in all probability to the torridity of the weather. No other attraction affording, amusement-seekers are patronizing the hill-top concerts largely.

Harry Gilbert, author, actor and aeronautist, of this city, has arranged for a balloon ascension at Dayton July 4, to take place at the Southern Ohio Fair Grounds, and a number of Harry's local admirers will participate in the affair. Manager Miles went East *via* Chicago, the running races in that city accounting for the somewhat unusual route chosen.

SAN FRANCISCO.

JUNE 25.

Edwin F. Thorne and co. opened in The Black Flag at the Baldwin Theatre June 18 to a full house, and the capacity of the Baldwin has been tested every night since by those eager to see it. Last night (Sunday) people stood up two and three rows deep in the balcony and gallery, unable to get seats. The drama, as most of your readers must know, is only of the melodramatic order, dealing mostly with the criminal element, with the lock-step in the prisoners' scene as one of its chief sensations. And why this should have "caught on," to use a flash phrase, at the Baldwin, the fashionable theatre, is beyond my ken. I suppose we must set it down to the caprice of San Franciscans. Edwin Thorne does strong bits of heavy acting, and the company do well in their characters. Russell Bassett, as the English Jew, has evidently built up a most taking stage success, and young Harry Woodruff does the best bit of boy acting we've ever had on the 'Frisco stage. He is gifted beyond his years. The piece is up for two more weeks.

The minstrels have played to overflowing houses all week. The new co. have been well received, and all goes merry as a marriage bell at the cosey little Bush Street Theatre. Billy Sweatnam has won his way into the public favor. He received a hearty welcome. Emerson this week takes a rest, and Charley Reed again comes to the front. Charley's style is greatly like that of Sweatnam—in fact, I may say that he was a pupil of the latter, and swift has been his progress. The new dancers, Murphy and Morton, are the best we have ever had here—especially the Lancashire clog, danced by the latter. Carl Hertz, the magician, mystifies and delights the audiences. He is, indeed, clever. Fred Malcolm, who is not a stranger to us, received his share of welcome. Adams and Casey, in their musical act, are funny, while the same may be said for the Big Four. They are good, but do not eclipse others who have preceded them. In the first part we are introduced to the singers of the co., viz.: Arthur Cooke, W. F. Bishop, R. McIntyre, Stanley Grey and C. Fox Samuells, all of whom are possessors of good voices, especially the last named gentleman, who renders "The Monarch of the Woods" in excellent style, and for which he nightly receives rounds of applause. The programme for this week remains unchanged save in the first part.

Janauschek, at the California Theatre, has not been as fortunate as I could wish. The lady closed her engagement Saturday. Last night (Sunday) the theatre was closed for rehearsal of The Silver King, which will be produced to-night and promises a good run.

CHICAGO.

McVicker's, Haverly's, the Grand Opera House and Olympic have been closed the past week, leaving only Hooley's, down town, and the Academy of Music, on the West side, to furnish dramatic food to the city.

At Hooley's, 7-20-8 continued to pack the house up to Friday night, when She Would and She Wouldn't was played. This old English comedy was admirably performed throughout, and gave additional proof of the versatility and exceptional talent of Mr. Daly's co. for this class of dramatic work. Certainly a better one does not exist in this country. Ada Rehan as Donna Hyppolita was a surprise to her most ardent admirers, so careful and finished was her performance of the wilful Donna. The entire co. did so well that it would be superfluous to select any one for special commendation. The season closed on Sunday, July 1, with a performance of The Passing Regiment, and on the 2d McKee Rankin and an excellent co. began a six weeks' season with The Corsican Brothers.

At the Academy of Music Fred Vokes and a capital co. of comedians have been holding forth in a light musical farce called In Camp. It has recently been noticed fully in THE MIRROR, so I will not inflict the plot on your readers again. It serves as a vehicle for Fred Vokes to display his rough comedy and to introduce some clever people in small parts, and amuses for an hour or two; which facts admitted, all's said. This week, George Walters and co. in Colleen Bawn.

The Bijou Theatre co. begin a Summer season at McVicker's this week, opening in Love and Money and alternating with Youth, The World and other melodramas of the sort. Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels appear at the Grand Opera House for an indefinite period, or so long as it pays, and the prospects are very good for a successful season. Both houses have been re-carpeting, painting and otherwise freshening up during the world's vacation, and now look as bright and inviting as when first opened.

The Olympic and Haverly's remain closed for two months.

Items: Bauer's Pavilion has not had very great patronage the past week. It requires warm Summer nights to get people into a garden for music and beer, and the weather in this latitude has been cold and wet enough to keep a fire going and wear flannels.—The Daly season at Hooley's has averaged $1,500 per each performance, which would amount to $78,000. Not so bad for a Summer tour.—The Olympic will open on the 4th for a benefit to Nick Norton, its popular manager.—John L. Hay returned to the city after a month's fishing in Michigan, and goes to New York at once.—Manager Greiner, of the Lyceum, is about to open a Summer garden on the West side, where a skating-rink, bicycle track and a grand orchestra are to be some of the attractions, at a small price of admission.—The air is full of rumors that a stock company will be established at one of our theatres next season; but it lacks authenticity, and is, moreover, too good to be true.—The scenery for The Corsican Brothers has all been painted by C. L. Ritter, the artist of Hooley's, and, from a casual peep at it it will be a credit to the gentleman and to the theatre.

BALTIMORE.

Academy of Music (S. W. Fort, manager): Iolanthe was well attended last week, it being impossible to find a seat after the rise of the curtain. Jennie Winston scored a success in the role of the Fairy Queen, and Amy Gordon made a pleasing Phyllis. Agnes Earle's Iolanthe also deserves mention. The male principals were hardly up to the standard. La Perichole will hold the boards this week, and should draw well, as it is a long time since it has been heard here. The Continental Guards of New Orleans gave a series of tableaux, illustrative of scenes in the Revolution, on Saturday night, before a small but enthusiastic audience.

Monumental Garden (James L. Kernan, manager): The Dime Concerts furnished during the past week were fairly attended, and are to be continued, with the addition of the Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra.

ST. LOUIS.

Uhrig's Cave (Pat Short, manager): The Three Black Cloaks, the English version of Les Manteaux Noir, was produced before a large audience June 24, and was well received. Most of the music is very pretty, and the selections interpolated from Manuel do much toward making the opera interesting. Miss Bockel as Girola, Genevieve Reynolds as the Queen, W. H. Seymour as Gomez, Philip Branson as Don Louis, Charles W. Dungan as the King, and L. W. Raymond as Don Jose were all perfectly satisfactory, having sung their parts before. The chorus and orchestra were very fine, and the costuming handsome.

Propie's Theatre (W. H. Mitchell, manager): The Mitchell-Madden combination ran a part of the week to poor houses. The exhibition was tissuey, but there were one or two good specialty acts in the show—notably a horizontal bar act. The theatre remains closed for several weeks.

Pickwick Theatre (Cottrill and Short, managers): This house remains closed on account of the failure of the selected attractions to put in an appearance. Both the Barton and Richmond companies failed to show up.

Items: Matters are very stagnant generally, and there is but little sign of immediate improvement. Business at Uhrig's, however, is immense. Planquette's Rip Van Winkle is in preparation for that resort.—The walls of the new Standard are going up rapidly, and brick-laying will begin next week. Work was set back some last week by the falling of some old walls at the east side, but now everything is progressing nicely. It will have the handsomest entrance of any theatre in St. Louis.—The McElfatricks are very busy; they are building Davidson's new Opera House at St. Paul, the St. Louis Standard, the New York Bijou, and are examining methods to alter and improve the New York Standard.

BROOKLYN.

The success of Grau's English Comic Opera troupe is phenomenal, the tent being crowded at every performance. With all the other theatres closed for the season, the company has the field all to itself and the manager is making money. Aside from its excellent *ensemble* the idea of an operatic performance in a tent is a novel innovation, which takes immensely in warm weathers Manager Grau has gathered together an excellent company, including Harry Brown, Gus Bruno, W. H. Crompton, Fred Lennox, Wallace McCreery, Willette Seaman, W. Newborough, Fred Condit, Lillie West, Helen Grayson, Bebe Vining and Bessie Grey. The chorus contains thirty voices and there is an augmented orchestra under the direction of G. B. Snyder. The operas are handsomely costumed and nicely mounted. Mascotte was given on Monday night and will be sung again to-night. Olivette fills out the week.

Manager Morris, of the Grand Opera House, is quite enthusiastic over his coming season. The theatre is being improved in many respects, all of which will tend to make next season a profitable one.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN BERNARDINO.

Walters and Brinkmeyer's Opera House (O. Simpson, manager): Nothing new during the past two weeks. Booked: Palmer's Dramatic co., 2, 3 and 4.

Items: O. Simpson, of this city, has leased the Opera House for one year. He goes to 'Frisco next month for engagements.

STOCKTON.

Ugo Talba, Italian tenor, appeared in concert June 18, assisted by Jennie Landsman, of San Francisco, and local talent, rendering miscellaneous first part and closing with last act of La Favorita, in costume. House was completely filled below, and the performance gave entire satisfaction. Wyndham Comedy co. followed, June 20 and 21 in The Great Divorce Case and Fourteen Days, preceded each evening by the farce of Withered Leaves. The plays were well rendered, but business was very poor both nights. Thornes' Black Flag follows first week in July.

CONNECTICUT.

MYSTIC.

Central Hall (Ira W. Jackson, manager): No attractions the past week. I give below a list of some of the companies that played here during the season. It is not a list of all, but only of the principal companies: Remenyi Concert co., Wellesley and Sterling Old Cross comb., Boston English Opera co., the Slayton Idea Colored Concert co., Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, Corinne Merriemakers, Atkinson's Jollities, M. B. Leavitt's Gigantean Minstrels, New York Ideal Opera co., Mrs. Partington Comedy co., Madison Square Theatre co. Young Mrs. Winthrop.

DAKOTA.

FARGO.

Opera House (A. S. Copehart, manager). Callender's Georgia Minstrels June 18 and 19, to good business. Show fair. C. H. Smith's Double Uncle Tom, 23d, to large audience.

Arena: Cole's Circus is billed for 13th.

Item: Barlow-Wilson Minstrels cancelled 28th and 29th.

GEORGIA.

ATLANTA.

De Give's Opera House (L. De Give, manager): The Opera House has not been open for any dramatic entertainment since I announced the formal closing of the season. Just now the house is being much improved externally, while preparations for the comfort of the guests the coming season are being carefully made.

ILLINOIS.

ALTON.

There has been nothing of interest in amusement circles this week, if I except the return of the "eminent tragedian and character actor, E. M. Cease," to this city. He is endeavoring to get up a fund benefit. A Professor from Boston is here training (?) a juvenile Patience co. Miss St. Quinten is staying at the Hotel Madison. A local reporter interviewed her, and a writer in the *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis, on Thursday last, gave her a bad send-off, saying her acting was horrid and only pleased the Dudes by its vulgarity.

ROCK ISLAND.

Harper's Opera House (Ben. Harper, proprietor and manager): Chicago Church Choir co. appeared in Iolanthe, June 27, and Belle of Cornville, 28th. Both were well received and had good houses.

JOLIET.

Opera House (E. S. Barney, manager): The Chicago Church Choir Opera co. presented The Chimes of Normandy June 23, to a very appreciative audience. The performance was good, and fully sustained the reputation of the co. Queen Esther was presented 29th and 30th. John Dillon is billed for 4th in Birds of a Feather.

INDIANA.

GREENCASTLE.

The prospect of Greencastle becoming one of the best amusement places in Indiana is certainly very bright. Situated on two grand trunk lines, Pan Handle and Bee, running East and West, and the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad from North to South, it possess railroad facilities unsurpassed by any town in the State. As is well known, the Asbury University is located here, and has an attendance of over 300 students who are good patrons of the drama. Plans have recently been matured by which Asbury will become the leading college in the Central and Western States. Hon. W. C. DePauw, the millionaire plate-glass manufacturer of New Albany, has endowed the college to the extent of several millions. The endowment is conditional that this city raise $60,000, with which to purchase grounds suitable for the erection of additional buildings, and that the State at large give $160,000 for endowing the present school. Greencastle has raised the $60,000 and the money in the State will be raised within the next six weeks. As a consequence of this, Greencastle has had a great building boom, and many people are coming here to reside permanently.

CRAWFORDSVILLE.

Opera House (Voris and McClelland, managers): Crawford and Richmond's Dramatic co. presented Hazel Kirke June 28, to a fair audience. Jennie Richmond as Hazel is above the average. Graham Crawford as Dunstan and W. T. Richmond as Pittacus Greene were a success. They deserve good houses. They presented Divorce 29th and Rip Van Winkle 30th. Their next stand is Jamestown, Ind. Nothing further booked.

ANDERSON.

James McClannahan, otherwise F. H. Mack, late advance agent for the May Wheeler Dramatic comb., has returned to his home in Anderson for the Summer. Harry Lockwood, who has been out with Hi Henry's Minstrels the past season in the capacity of programmer, has also returned to his home for the Summer. Mr. Lockwood leaves in September to join the company as advance agent. Our new Opera House is now being rapidly erected, and it will without doubt be the finest and most complete for any town of its size in Indiana. The stage is to be 48x33, and the building will be lighted by electricity. The seating capacity will be about 1,000.

IOWA.

DUBUQUE.

Opera House (Duncan and Waller, managers): The house is closed for the season, having had a grand total of eighty-eight entertainments, not including amateurs. The number of attractions was not so large, but the finances were in better condition than last season. Below is a review of the season: August 7, Chicago Church Choir co., business good; 17th, J. K. Emmet, big; 18th, Robert, McWade, fair; 26th, Ensign Comedy co., fair; 28th to 31st, Cartland-Murray comb., light; Sept. 1, 2, Fay Templeton Opera co., fair; 4th, Webb's United States Minstrels, bad; 6th, Rice and Hooley's Minstrels, bad; 9th, Whiteley's Hidden Hand co., fair; 11th, Roland Reed's Cheek, bad; 14th, Corinne Merriemakers, bad; 16th, Aldrich and Parsloe, good; 22d, 23d, Milton Nobles, good; 26th, Pastor and Leavitt's Specialty co., good; Oct. 21, C. D. Hess Opera co., fair; 23d, 24th, Frederick Warde, good; 26th, John Dillon, good; Nov. 2, Robson and Crane, big; 6th, Thatcher, Primrose and West, big; 13th, 14th, Jennie Winston Opera co., fair; 20th, Briggs' Boston Minstrels, fair; 21st, Barlow, Wilson and Co.'s Minstrels, good; 22d, Rose Eytinge, good; 23th, Miln-Burleigh co., good; 28th, Original Big Four, fair; 29th, 30th, Black Crook, good; Dec. 1, Harris Comedy co., fair; 5th Katherine Rogers, good; 12th, Madison Square Professor, good; 13th, 16th, William Stafford, light; 18th, 19th, Morris' World co., light; 20th, 21st, Union Square Lights o' London, big; 23d, Alice Oates Opera co., fair; 25th, Only a Farmer's Daughter, good; 26th, 27th, Sullivan's Mirror of Ireland, fair; 29th, The Meteors, good; Jan. 4, C. B. Bishop, fair; 15th; Royal Bell-Ringers, big; 20th, Ada Gray, light; 22d, John Dillon, fair; 24th, Leavitt's Minstrels, good; Feb. 5, Charles R. Gardner (Our Karl), good; 6th, Slayton's Colored Ideals, good; 9th, Madison Square Esmeralda, big; 12th, 13th, Maggie Mitchell, good; 19th, Barry and Fay, good; 26th, Minnie Hauk Concert, good; 27th, Harrison's Photos, good; 28th, Hanley's Squatters, good; March 3, Leavitt's All-Star co., fair; 5th, Frank I. Frayne, good; 6th, the McKee Rankins in '49, good; 10th, Minnie Maddern, good; 13th, Mestayer's Tourists, good; 16th, Rentfrew's Pathfinders, bad; 19th, Adams' Humpty Dumpty, good; 30th, 31st, Emma Abbott Opera co., big; April 3, Harry Webber, bad; 6th, 7th, Atkinson's Jollities, fair; 9th, week, Whiteley's Ida Lewis co., fair; 24th, Haverly's Minstrels, fair; May 3, Madison Square Hazel Kirke, good; 4th, T. W. Keene, good; June 9, Camilla Urso Concert, light; 13th, Denier's Humpty Dumpty, good. Your representative is under many obligations for courtesies extended by travelling and resident managers and to the attachés of the Opera House.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Dohany's Opera House (John Dohany, proprietor): Our Summer Boarders co. came June 22 to a fair-sized audience. About the time for opening a heavy storm came up, which kept many away, or the house would have been crowded. This co. appeared at Plattsmouth, Neb., June 23, which closed their season. The Chicago Ideal Opera co. came 23d. This organization is the old Church Choir co. which appeared here several years ago in Pinafore. The house was crowded, comprising the best people of the city. They appeared in Patience, which was well rendered. This co. is an excellent one containing some of the very best vocal talent. The instrumental music was also first-class.

KEOKUK.

Keokuk Opera House (D. L. Hughes, manager): Henry Ward Beecher lectures 25th; subject: "Evolution." This is one of Mr. Beecher's farewell lecture tours.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.

Topeka Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Theodore Thomas' orchestra, June 23, gave one of their celebrated concerts. The house was rather light, but this may be attributed to several existing circumstances rather than a disposition on the part of our people to slight a meritorious entertainment.

Item: Both houses are now closed for the season.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.

Arena: The great Forepaugh Circus and Menagerie was the attraction for twenty thousand people, June 25, and the performance was a most meritorious one in all respects. The street parade was viewed by thousands, and all the routine for fifty miles around were the scenes of making the event a gala day. Doris' show is coming soon, but no date is yet given.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WORCESTER.

Business is light so far this season at the Rink. Last week New York Ideal co. have been here in Hoyt and Hand. Coming week Rice's co. in a revival of Pinafore, which has been done to death here. The work of changing the interior of the Worcester Theatre will be begun this week, and Manager Wilkinson will push the men until the house is done. The best of the coming season is booked, and first-class co. who want a date must get in their work soon.

SALEM.

Forepaugh's Circus and Menagerie visits Salem the day after the Fourth. Moulton and Johnson are arranging for a brilliant season, beginning in September.

MILFORD.

Hearts of Oak will have the distinction of opening the season in Music Hall Sept. 3. Manager Cook is on the alert in securing leading talent for next season, and expects to have twenty-five co. booked by Sept. 1.

FALL RIVER.

Academy of Music (George Hackett, manager): We have had one entertainment the past week by a local co., who presented Camilda; or, The Masked Princess of Toledo, June 28, to very good business.

Forest Hill Gardens (Charles Burnham, amusement director): A Marriage Missed was played June 25 by one of our local companies, to good business.

Arena: John B. Doris' Circus is billed for 12th.

Items: Jumbo Davis plays here in September, and brings his own Jumbo orchestra. Doorkeepers will take warning, and be provided with a double supply of pass-checks. Fall River gave him his largest house for last season—$914.80.—Kate Claxton appears August 30 in a new play. We always had an idea that Kate Claxton and the Orphans were one and inseparable.—Hooper's Third Regiment Band and Academy orchestra, who are playing on the steamer *Pilgrim*, so pleased Uncle Dan Thompson the other night, that the venerable Josh made them an offer to go with him next season, which was accepted. They join the co. at Hamilton, Ohio, Nov. 12. Charlie Leve will be the leader. Will Bonner, who has been out in advance of Baird's Minstrels, Smith's Furnished Rooms and Uncle Tom's co., is doing the advertising at Forest Hill this Summer. He is disengaged for next season.—Annie Pixley is likely to give us the go-by next season, as her terms are too high. Why is it that she gives better terms in cities?—Manager Hackett will not open Dan Maguinnes' season here, as has been reported, but has booked him for October.—Archie Smith says he will take an opera co. to the Sans Souci Gardens at Providence for four weeks during the Summer. I pity the clam-eaters, as it will be a snap.—There is talk of giving a variety entertainment at Forest Hill this Summer.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Grand Opera House (J. F. Conklin, manager): Regular season of 1882-83 was closed by Barlow and Wilson, June 23. They drew large houses, as minstrels always do. The co. is a good one and gave general satisfaction. George Wilson, Barney Fagan and the Four Aces—Talbert, Tierney, Crawford and McKisson—are worthy of mention. Fred Vokes' co. is booked for 9th, 10th and 11th. Manager Conklin returned from New York June 24, where he has been for some time making engagements. He has booked the following: Haverly's Silver King, Augustin Daly's 7-20-8, McCaull's Opera co., Romany Rye, Boston Ideals, Evans, Bryant and Hoey's Meteors, The Rajah, Emma Abbott, Mrs. Langtry, Fanny Davenport, Modjeska, Aimee, Rhea, the Chanfraus, Salesbury's Troubadours, Tourists, Den Thompson, Barry and Fay, Jeffreys Lewis, Roland Reed, the Hanlons, Haverly's Strategists, Planter's Wife, Margaret Mather, Gus Williams, Collier's Lights o' London, Thatcher, Primrose and West, Charles Gardner, Bunch of Keys, F. B. Warde, Pat Rooney, Nat Goodwin, Robson and Crane, John McCullough, Aldrich and Parsloe, John T. Raymond, Thomas W. Keene, McSorley's Inflation, Herne's Hearts of Oak, Callender's Minstrels, George Edgar, Kate Claxton, Hazel Kirke, Esmeralda and Mrs. Winthrop.

Pence Opera House (Col. J. H. Wood, manager): Swift and Sure was presented the past week to good business, with Minnie Oscar Gray and W. T. Stephens in the leading parts, supported by the regular co. and five well-trained dogs, the property of Mr. Stephens. New faces: Frank E. Jameson, Dyke Brooks, May Seymour and Nellie Jamison.

Items: Colonel J. H. Wood, of the Pence Opera House, is in New York.—Harold Russell, late of the McAllister co., started for New York June 27, where he joins the Carrie Swain co.—The new drop-curtain of the Grand Opera House was exhibited to a few "invited" evening of June 28, and it is considered one of the finest in the country. Scenic-artist Harvey is the painter. The scene presented is the historic romance of Antony and Cleopatra.

WINONA.

Philharmonic Hall (Grey and Russell, managers): Under the management of the Congregational Church, June 28, the Camilla-Urso Concert co., assisted by Mrs. Will J. Evans, of this city, gave a pleasing entertainment. Mme. Urso was very obliging, responding to three encores. Mrs. Evans rendered two solos in her usual charming manner, which added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Nothing booked.

MICHIGAN.

MANISTEE.

The Scandinavian Society is building an amusement edifice in this city of nearly 12,000 people. It is to be known as Scandinavian Hall, and will be completed about the middle of the present month. The seating capacity will be over 800, with portable seats for emergencies. The stage is 20x32 feet. Walthew and Sons, of Detroit, are painting the scenery. The agent is looking about for an attraction to open the house some time between July 20 and August 1. Heretofore Manistee has not had proper accommodations for theatrical companies, but the present enterprise and the fact that our railroad connections are very good, will give the growing city a boom in amusements. Our people are liberal in their patronage, and the new house is an assured success.

ST. LOUIS.

The theatrical season is in a dead calm here. The only event for the past month or so has been a circus (Sells Brothers') which showed to about 12,000 people afternoon and evening of June 19. It carried away all the small change from the surrounding country.

NEBRASKA.

PLATTSMOUTH.

Waterman Opera House (J. P. Young, manager): Elliott Barnes' Summer Boarders arrived here on June 23, and played to a fair house. It was something that was enjoyed by all, as it was the first co. that had played here in some time. Dennis Kennedy and Mary Ann

...ughkeepsie were loudly applauded. The troupe ...ed for Chicago, where it disbanded, and the Platts...urgh people feel honored over having the pleasure of ...ntertaining their late entertainers. Should Carroll and ...Penn ever again play at Plattsmouth we guarantee them ...a good house.

NEW YORK.

ALBANY.

Music Hall (George E. Oliver, manager): Tony Pastor's co. gave a very good performance June 30, and were greeted with an audience of fair proportions. No complaints.

Leicester Theatre (F. V. Levantine, manager): The Liliputian Female Mastodons closed the season at this house, ending June 30. The co. contains a number of excellent features, and their business for the week was good. House closed until August 27.

Items: The Indian Village, on Hudson avenue, will have its own way in the amusement line until the advent of Barnaugh's Circus, 14th.—The vocal concert given by the pupils of Professor John W. Pattbarst, on Tuesday evening, June 26, was creditable alike to instructor and pupils.

BUFFALO.

Last week was a perfect calm, with the exception of wrestling matches at St. James Hall, Friday and Saturday, which drew large houses. The present week brings out all the regulation Fourth of July performances and a few other attractions. At the Academy of Music Callender's Colored Minstrels, 2d, had a full house. The 4th is given up to The Streets of New York, the cast having a good deal of amateur talent in its composition. The New Orleans Continental Guards exhibit themselves and their tableaux 5th.

Fred Wren's Uncle Tom co. have large posters out to attract the unwary to St. James Hall on the 4th. Everything is double and new. How could it be otherwise?

At Wahle's Opera House, 4th and 5th, E. T. Goodrich will delight sensation lovers with The Gambler.

Items: Tom Farron, of Baker and Farron, checked his grip-sack for New York Sunday night, intending to remain there a week gathering up a co. for next season. He took his little book with him.—Joe Lang is said to be heading the same way, looking after dates.

UTICA.

No bookings at the Opera House for the Summer season so far. Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver, with their Wild West show, were here June 27 and 28, to fair business, at the Driving Park, despite rainy weather. The performance gave perfect satisfaction, as it is something new. Manager Yates, of the Utica Opera House, has been re-elected for another year. Mr. Yates has shown in his first year's management that he is a courteous and efficient official. He well deserves the position, as under his management the receipts for the season have been larger than ever before. They foot up $64,000. There are now over a score of entertainments booked for next season, and every one a first-class co.

BROCKPORT.

Ward's Opera House (George R. Ward, manager): Hyearth's Hiberaica and Comedy co., June 27, to a large house.

COHOES.

Arena: Buffalo Bill and his troupe of Indians paraded the streets to-day, creating a great excitement among the small boys, Buffalo Bill at the head bowing to old friends and acquaintances. Their performances at Rensselaer Park, Troy, were largely attended.

OWEGO.

Academy of Music (W. B. Phelps, manager): The Fiske University Jubilee Singers appeared June 29 before a good house, giving excellent satisfaction. Forepaugh's Circus, August 7.

OHIO.

DAYTON.

Memorial Hall, Soldiers' Home (Larry H. Reist, manager): The Home co. presented Leah, the Forsaken, and Nan, the Good-For-Nothing, June 26, to a crowded house. To-night (June 30) Boucicault's Hunted Down and the farce An Object of Interest will be presented. Owing to The Mirror going to press Tuesday, it will be impossible to give any detail of the night's performance; but especial attention to the scenic effects and the strong cast of characters will make the bill an attractive one. The farce An Object of Interest is full of good situations, and will afford Johnny Ward, as Barney O'Dwyer, an opportunity to favor the audience with his specialties. Next week will be a gala one: Camille 3d, Ingomar 4th (matinee), and in the evening the spectacular play Sea of Ice. Special attention has been paid to the latter, and no doubt it will be presented to the largest audience of the season.

URBANA.

P. R. Bennett, Jr., proprietor and manager of Bennett's Opera House, is home from New York. Mr. Bennett spent six weeks in the city contracting and booking companies for the Ohio circuit for next season. He informed The Mirror correspondent that he has secured for the circuit the best list of attractions it has ever had. He also desires to return thanks to The Mirror people for courtesies extended him while in New York. Mr. Bennett will soon begin the contemplated improvements at his opera house, such as raising the floor, putting in two fire exits, enlarging the boxes and adding several dressing-rooms beneath the stage.

BUCYNIS.

Arena: Sells Brothers' Circus and Menagerie is billed 17th.

PENNSYLVANIA.

OIL CITY.

Grand Opera House (Wagner and Reis, managers): The season at the Grand has closed, and every co. that has played here, with one or two exceptions, has had paying business. The patrons of the theatre should feel grateful to Messrs. Wagner and Reis, as all the attractions they have brought here have been of the best.

Arena: O'Brien's Circus gave a very tame performance June 26, to very poor business. This show carries the hardest crowd with it that has ever visited this city. Billed: Sells Brothers' Circus, 14th.

MEADVILLE.

Arena: Nathans' Circus and Menagerie had poor business afternoon of June 26, but drew a crowd in the evening. Mme. Dockrill's riding is the feature of this show. Sells Brothers' Circus is doing heavy advertising for 13th.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.

Providence Opera House (George Hackett, manager): Ritz's Comic Opera co. have done a fine business all the week, appearing in Iolanthe June 25, 26 and 27. On the 28th and 29th, Patience was presented to immense business. Saturday matinee and evening, Pinafore was sung to full houses. Wonderful how the old opera catches on. Ritz has a good co. and could stay here a month longer and make money. They leave for Worcester 2d and play one week there. Week of 2d, return of the New York Ideal Opera co., to stay the week, playing Heart and Hand and Trebizonde. Barnett has been released from the Common jail, the creditors thinking it no use to push the matter any further, preferring to let him go sooner than pay board. Barnett is very happy in consequence.

Rocky Point Coliseum (Hopkins and Morrow, managers): John L. Sullivan and his sparring comb. opened this place June 28, to big business. Excursions were run from all the towns in this vicinity, and it was a big day. The entertainment was highly satisfactory, and so were the box receipts. A variety co. appears 2d, and give continuous performances all the week.

Theatre Comique (Hopkins and Morrow, managers): Opens for the week of 2d with Ida Siddons' Female Mastodons. Minstrels, comprising twenty-five handsome maidens, all young.

Items: Doris' Circus comes 11th. It is well advertised.—Louise Parber sailed for Europe Saturday, to finish her musical studies in Milan. She was accompanied by her father.—H. C. Freese, agent for Siddons' Female Minstrels, was in town last week.—J. V. Sterbig, agent for Doris' Circus, has been here and gone.—Walter Hudson, the popular baritone singer, who is resting here from his labors, and Treasurer Johnny Sayles, of Low's, have gone bloodfishing in Long Island Sound. I hear that Johnny has been engaged for next season by Manager Low for his Grand Opera House. I am glad to hear it. I don't think he could get another to fill the bill as does Johnny.—Claude de Haven is editing a paper here called the *Indicator*, published once a week and distributed gratitiously.

NEWPORT.

Prof. Bartholomew has taken possession of the Opera House for three months, where he will teach his horses new tricks, etc. He will begin his performances the latter part of August. Edwin Booth and a party of friends are in town this week, and they paid a visit to his cottage. Doris is flooding the town with circus paper.

WISCONSIN.

PORTAGE.

Dullaghan Opera House (Jas. Dullaghan, manager): Remenyi had a small but select audience June 23. A heavy storm prevailed during the whole evening, which had a dampening effect on the great knight of the bow. He was applauded and encored, as were the vocalists; but no response was made. Louise Warner, soprano, is a handsome woman, and sang with nice expression. She was well received. Mr. DeCelle, tenor, though his voice is not as smooth as it might be, has any amount of force and range. Mr. Bauer, pianist, though not having much to do, played artistically. The co. closed its season at Geneva Lake 2d. Simon Comedy co 6th. Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty 27th, to largest house of the season. Good show. They closed their season at Racine 29th.

Arena: Cole's Circus 29th, to only fair business. Good performance.

SHEBOYGAN.

Concordia Hall (A. Bock, manager): The Remeny Concert co. drew a large and fashionable audience June 25.

Arena: Cole's Circus came June 20 and gave a very good show to packed tents matinee and evening.

Sheboygan Opera House (J. M. Kohler, manager): This house closed June 2, and is now undergoing extensive improvements. It will be entirely reseated with chairs of a handsome design, and will have two new and elegant dressing-rooms, new scenery, curtain, and some exquisite frescoing, making it the finest house North of Milwaukee. It will be opened about July 16. The Cartland-Murray co. will occupy it during the Summer season.

CANADA.

OTTAWA.

Grand Opera House (John Ferguson, manager): Tony Pastor's Own co. appeared June 26 to a crowded house, which it fully deserved. The performance was good throughout, and kept the audience in excellent humor. The co. is much stronger than that which visited us a year ago. Gilmore and Woodward's Dramatic co. to fair business 2d, 3d and 4th.

Items: Harry Sellers, agent Tony Pastor, reports the business of this to be better than that of any previous season. The co., after a week's engagement at the Oakland Gardens, Boston, close for four weeks, after which they start again from Rondout, N. Y., August 6.—Barnum's paste brigade is in town.

TORONTO.

Horticultural Pavilion (J. F. Thomson, manager): Bengough's "new, original" comic opera, Bunthorne Abroad; or, The Lass that Loved a Pirate, was produced for first time June 27, before a large audience, who no doubt turned out for the purpose of hearing something original from the pen of the funny man of *Grip*. They were, however, partly doomed to be disappointed, as the piece is simply a rehash of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, the best music being retained and the dialogue patched up. It was fairly successful as far as it went; but the piece requires to be reconstructed before it can be called an artistic success. The Standard Opera co. presented the piece in good style, Minnie Walsh, Abby Nicholson, J. H. Stuart and Alonzo Hatch deserving special praise. The piece was repeated 28th, 29th and 30th, to good houses.

Zoological Gardens (W. G. Davis, manager): The new opera, Uncle Tom's Cabin, was given by the Holman Opera co., for the first time here, 26th, and remainder of week. The opera is an improvement on the drama. The music is light and pleasing, and some of the numbers are very effective. Business still continues good. 2d, week, Cool Burgess Specialty co.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

Augustin Daly's Company: Omaha, 6, 7; thence by short stands to San Francisco.
Anna Berlein: N. Y. City (S. F. Opera House), June 25, two weeks.
Boston Theatre Co.: Chicago (McVicker's), 2, two weeks.
C. B. Bishop: N. Y. City, June 25 (supplementary), two weeks.
Cartland-Murray Co.: Sheboygan, Wis., 16, two weeks.
Crane's Comedy Co.: St. Paul, 5; Minneapolis, 6.
E. T. Goodrich: Buffalo, 4, 5.
Forbes Dramatic Co.: Chicago, 2, week.
Fun in a Boarding School (John E. Ince): St. Louis, 9, week.
Georgie Woodthorpe: Chicago, 2, week.
Harley Merry's '49 Co.: N. Y. City, 2, week.
Harry Meredith's Ranch 10: Boston (Boston Theatre.) 11, four weeks.
Janauschek: Portland, June 30, two weeks; New Tacoma, W. T., 26; Seattle, 17, 18; Victoria, B. C., 19, 20, 21; Olympia, Oregon, 23; thence to San Francisco and East.
Jay Rial's Uncle Tom Co.: N. Y. City (Windsor), 2, week.
Lytell's Around the World Co.: Halifax, 2, week.
McKee Rankin: Chicago (Hooley's), 2, six weeks; Milwaukee, August 20.
Milton Nobles: Buffalo, 16 (Saengerfest week; special engagement).
Neil Burgess: Salt Lake, 3, 4, 5; San Francisco, 9, four weeks; return thence to N. Y. City.
Owen Fawcett: Owosso, Mich., 5; Lansing, 6, 7; Ionia, 9; Grand Rapids, 10; Grand Haven, 11; Pentwater, 12; Ludington, 13; Manistee, 14; Manceiona, 17; Harbor Springs, 18; Petoskey, 19; St. Ignace, 20, 21; Island of Mackinaw, 23, 24, 25, 26; Oscoda, 30, 31.
Rice's Surprise Party: N. Y. City (Bijou) 2, week—close.
Sol Smith Russell: Missoula, Mont., 9; Walla Walla, W. T., 11, 12; Dalles, Ore., 13, 14; Portland, 16, week; Tacoma, 23; Seattle, 24, 25; Victoria, 26, 27, 28; San Francisco, August 6, three weeks.
Thorne's Black Flag Co.: San Francisco, June 18, four weeks; Ogden, Utah, 16.
Topsy Venn (Furnished Rooms): Montreal, 2, week.
Vokes' New Co.: Minneapolis, 9, 10, 11.
Wyndham Comedy Co.: Denver, 2, week.
Wallack's Co. (Silver King): San Francisco (California Theatre), June 25, two weeks.
W. J. Ferguson: Newark, N. J., 6, 7.
Walters' Comedy Co.: Chicago, 2, two weeks.

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.

Acme Opera Co.: Milwaukee (Litt's Garden Theatre), for the Summer—thirty performances.
Ada Richmond Co.: St. Louis, 2, week.
Chicago Ideal Opera Co.: Princeton, Ill., 3; Dixon, 6; Chicago (Academy), 9, week.
Corinne Merrimakers: St. Johns, N. F., 2, three weeks; Providence, 23, week; Worcester, 30, week; Boston (Oakland Gardens), August 6, week.
Ford's Opera Co.: St. Louis (Uhrig's Cave), June 4—Summer season.
Gorman's Criterion Opera Co.: New Orleans (West End Pavilion), July 2—Summer season.
John Howson's Co.: Boston, June 11, ten weeks.
Lindsay Comic Opera Co.: Lacalle, P. Q., 3, 4, 5.
McCaull's Opera Co.: New York (Casino), June 11—indefinite time.
N. Y. Ideal Opera Co.: Providence (Rose Sweet), 2, week.
Rice's Opera Co. (Isleathe): Worcester, 2, week; Boston (Oakland Garden), 9, week.
Thomson (Thomas) Orchestral: Rock Island, Ill., 3; Burlington, Ia., 6, 7; Chicago, 9, week.
Wilson-Gilmore Opera Co.: Baltimore (Academy of Music), June 28—Summer season.

MINSTREL COMPANIES.

Barlow-Wilson: Winnipeg, 2, week.
Callender's New Colored (William Welsh, mgr.): Grand Rapids, Mich., 7; Joliet, Ill., 9.
Comedy Four: Washington, 2, week.
Thatcher, Primrose and West's: Chicago (Grand Opera House—Minstrel Festival), 2, four weeks.
Wilson and Allen's: Staunton, Va., 5; Harrisburg, 6; Woodstock, 7; Charleston, W. Va., 9; Hagerstown, Md., 10.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

Beadle-Pringle Pleasure Party: Bethel, Vt., 6; West Randolph, 7.
Conn. Burgess Specialty Co.: Toronto (Zoological Garden), 2, week.
Ida Siddons' Minstrels: Providence, 2, week; Saratoga, 9, week; N. Y. City, 23, two weeks.
Levantine Co.: Chicago, 2, week.
Lenzie Bros.: Jersey City (Aberle's), 2, week.
Newell's Muldoon Picnic Co.: Quincy, Mich., 5; Crystal Falls, 6, 7; Florence, 9.
Tony Pastor's Own Co.: Boston, 2, week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Continental Guards (Drill): Buffalo, 5; Brantford, Can., 6; Detroit, 7; Toledo, 9; Chicago, 10, 11; Indianapolis, 12; Cincinnati, 13, 14—close.
Equine Paradox: Newport, R. I., for remainder of Summer season.
Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty: N. Y. City, 2—Summer season.

CIRCUSES.

Adam Forepaugh's: Salem, Mass., 5; Lynn, 6; Fitchburg, 7; Keene, N. H., 9; Brattleboro, Vt., 10; Greenfield, Mass., 11; North Adams, 12; Pittsfield, 13; Albany, N. Y., 14; Gloversville, 16; Schenectady, 17; Troy, 18; Hudson, 19; Poughkeepsie, 20; Fishkill, 21; Saratoga, 23; Rutland, Vt., 25; Burlington, 26; Montpelier, 27; White River Junction, 28; St. Johnsbury, 30; Randolph, 31; St. Albans, Aug. 1; Malone, N. Y., 2; Potsdam, 3; Ogdensburg, 4; Watertown, 6; Oswego 7; Rome, 8; Little Falls, 9; Utica, 10; Norwich, 11; Binghamton, 13; Cortland, 14; Syracuse, 15; Auburn, 16; Geneva, 17; Ithaca, 18; Elmira, 20; Watkins, 21; Penn Yan, 22; Canandaigua, 23; Rochester, 24; Albion, 25; Buffalo, 27; Lockport, 28; Batavia, 29; Dansville, 30; Bath, 31; Hornellsville, Sept. 1.
Barnett's: Atchison, Kas., 5; Lincoln, Neb., 6; Plattsmouth, 7.
Barnum's: Bay City, 5; East Saginaw, 6; Port Huron, 7; Stratford, Ont., 9; Guelph, 10; Toronto, 11; Port Hope, 13; Belleville, 14; Montreal, 16, 17; Cornwall, 18; Ottawa, 19; Brockville, 20; Kingston, 21; Hamilton, 23; Brantford, 24; Woodstock, 25; St. Thomas, 26; Cincinnati, 27, 28, 29, 30.
Buffalo Bill-Carver Co.: Boston, 2, week.
Cole's: Taylor Falls, 5; Duluth, 6; Brainard, 7; Detroit City, 9; Jamestown, 10; Bismarck, 11; Valley City, 12; Fargo, 13; Grand Forks, 14; Emerson, 16; Winnipeg, 17, 18, 19; Brandon, 20; Portage, 21; Crookston, 23; Breckenridge, 24; Wilmar, 25; Faribault, 26; Hastings, 27; Wabashaw, 28.
Doris': Hartford, Ct., 4; New Haven, 7; New London, 9; Providence, 11; Fall River, Mass., 12; Portland, Me., 20; Saco, 28.
Nathans': East Liverpool, O., 5; Steubenville, 6; Bellaire, 7; Marietta, 10; Parkersburg, W. Va., 11; Clarksburg, 12; Meadville, Pa., 13.
O'Dale Stevens' Australian: Boston, 2, two weeks; Montreal, 16.
O'Brien's: Olean, N. Y., 4; Newville, Pa., 5; Hagerstown, Md., 6; Martinsburg, W. Va., 7.
Sells': Logan, 5; Athens, 6; Pomeroy, 7; Cambridge, 9; E. Liverpool, 10; Ravenna, 11; Meadville, Pa., 13; Oil City, 14; Ashland, O., 16; Bucyrus, 17; Van Wert, 18; Warsaw, Ind., 19; Valparaiso, 20; Plymouth, 21; Rochester, 23; Wabash, 24; Huntington, 25; Kokomo, 26; Noblesville, 27; Peru, 28.
Van Amburgh's: Kasson, Minn., 5; Pine Island, 6; Mazeppa, 7; Wabashaw, 9; Lake City, 10; Red Wing, 11; Cannon River Falls, 12; Northfield, 13; Montgomery, 14; Lasure, 16.

The "Herald's" Bellows.

The *Herald's* partiality for Colonel Bagpipe Mapleson is well known. On every possible occasion, either in its cablegrams, news columns and critical or editorial department, its bellows are vigorously blown to puff the British impresario. It may be wondered at, by those unacquainted with the peculiar policy of Mr. Bennett's paper, that the *Herald* should exercise this fanatical favor toward a manager whose achievements in the New York operatic field, although successful from a pecuniary point of view, have never given satisfaction to the public. The reason is plain to all who are aware of Mr. Bennett's slavish veneration of all things British.

Colonel Mapleson is an Englishman. That is the open-sesame which causes the doors of the *Herald* to fly apart and its writers to pour forth a volume of ridiculous Maplesonian gush.

As everything appertaining to Mapleson is good in the *Herald's* eyes, so is every serious operatic venture in which a native manager engages considered bad. Mr. Abbey, being an American, has evidently incurred the disfavor of our great daily newspaper at the beginning of his labors for the new Opera House. On Sunday a sample of this unfriendly and unpatriotic feeling appeared in the form of an editorial headed "The Two Opera Houses," which strove to stigmatize Mr. Abbey for having said, through his representative, "that two operatic companies cannot succeed, that one will go to the wall, and that that one will not be Mr. Abbey's." On this utterance the *Herald* comments sharply, insinuating that Abbey intends to neglect the public in order to kill Mapleson's season, and concludes the subject with the statement that "the public will, rightly, take good care to so divide their patronage that neither house shall gain an undue advantage."

Now, to begin with, it is ridiculous to couple the Opera House and the Academy together in the same breath. The new establishment will have the finest troupe of singers, the best orchestra, the largest chorus, the richest dresses, the most desirable scenic accessories that New York has yet enjoyed in the direction of grand opera. It will also have the *prestige* afforded by the most distinguished social patronage. Colonel Mapleson, unless his *modus operandi* has undergone a miraculous change for the better, will give worn-out operas, with worn-out singers, and the wretched stage surroundings that have contributed to the bare, barn-like appearance of the Academy for years. He has promised an improvement, of course; but there are so many unfulfilled promises scored against the wily Colonel that we cannot place any reliance upon these.

Under these circumstances we agree with Mr. Abbey, that if our city can't support two permanent grand opera organizations—and it can't—Colonel Mapleson's will succumb.

Now, if Mr. Abbey did say that his energies would be spent in killing off the opposition, where was the harm? Rivalry is sure to produce good results for the public, and for newspapers, too, as the cabbies who attend to the amusement business of the *Herald* can testify. If the irrepressible Mapleson found his occupation gone in New York, he would probably get back to London, where he is appreciated at exactly his true value. In that case Abbey's victory should be commemorated by a medal, the gift of the long-suffering musical public of this community. But we don't believe Mr. Abbey said he would try to kill off his opponent. It doesn't sound like his conservative style of talking. If he continued what he is reported to have openly threatened, he would go about and conquer his rival without any preliminary "chinning." Little faith can be placed in the alleged declaration of war which forms the text of the *Herald's* sly pull for Mapleson.

It's about time Mr. Bennett's paper turned its attention to American musical and dramatic affairs. Because he spends most of his time abroad he mustn't be carried away with the delusion that his readers and patrons are hankering after nothing but foreign matter. If we want an English journal we'll subscribe direct for the London *Times*, because it's a better paper than the *Herald*. The puffing of Mapleson and the running down of Abbey is neither just nor politic. The day may not be far off when that sort of thing won't pay.

Two French Authors.

Erckmann and Chatrian, the dramatists and authors, are little known to this country, but they have a wide popularity in France. The Rantzaus is one of the first pieces from their pens that have found their way to the American stage. They write for the Théatre Français and other first-class Paris theatres, generally dramatizing their novels. The following account of their lives, which comes to The Mirror from Geneva, is as entertaining as one of their stories. Its publication will furnish some interesting facts, and make known the history of two men who have done much to give tone to the French drama:

There has probably never been, since Beaumont and Fletcher, such true collaboration as that of Erckmann-Chatrian, whom a French critic calls "The Siamese Twins" of literature.

The most curious and contradictory stories have been current as to the methods of these dual writers. Some people say that Erckmann furnishes the characters and Chatrian the plot; others that Erckmann furnishes the "skeleton" and Chatrian the "filling up," or vice versa. M. Chatrian was asked how it was possible for two people to write one book. He answered: "Erckmann and I were born in the same place, we were educated in the same manner, we have always seen the same things, known the same people and lived the same life. When we want to write a book—an author never writes but what he has seen and felt—one or the other thinks of some scene or incident that we have seen or heard of in common, and then—'Let us put in Old Peter, will you?' 'Oh no, let us have Elizabeth,' or Fritz, or Joseph, or some other 'old inhabitant,' as the case may be, and we talk them over and put them in, with all their faults and qualities and peculiarities, just as we have known them. That is all the secret of our work. There is no allotted share or division; sometimes one writes the greater part of the book, sometimes the other; but it is always ours, for we have created it together."

Emile Erckmann was born in the heroic little city of Pfalzburg, in 1822. His father kept a booksellers-shop, and he spent his vacations and leisure moments devouring the paternal library. It was his family's wish that he should become a lawyer, but his professor, M. Perrot, whom the friends have immortalised as Father Perrot in "Master Nariot's College Days," saw from the long conversations they held together that he cared more for literature than for the bar, and tried to assist him by every means in his power. One day he introduced him to an under-tutor just engaged in the college, and some few years younger than Erckmann. This under-tutor was Chatrian, a young Alsatian, who had such a love for books and study that he came back from Belgium, where he had been sent to learn the trade of a glazier, to the little college of Pfalzburg, to be an under-tutor. He was a bright, black-eyed little fellow, who had always written since he could hold a pen, and who used to spend his recreation hours, when he was too young to write, in telling wonderful stories to his open-eyed companions. Their meeting was the most important event of their existence (though they probably little realized it then) and they began writing together almost immediately, always under the watchful care of Father Perrot. After the Revolution of 1848 Erckmann went to Strasburg, where he founded a newspaper, in which they published their first short sketches. In 1850 they left for Paris with their trunks full of manuscript and their hearts full of hope. Erckmann, whose parents were in comfortable circumstances, began the study of law, and Chatrian became a clerk in one of the large railroad offices at 300 francs a year. Up to this time, that is to say in 1852, they wrote some twenty plays, dramas and comedies, not one of which ever saw the footlights. The theatres, as well as the papers and magazines, remained pitilessly closed to them.

One bright morning a happy thought came to Chatrian, and a few weeks later *L'Artiste* came out with the translation of a German story, which was preceded by a biographical notice of the author, who was described as one of the most popular and well-known authors across the Rhine. The story was "The Burgomaster in a Bottle," translated from Erckmann by Chatrian, and curiously enough, every one was so ignorant of contemporary foreign literature, that the trick was never discovered. While the translation was being published, "Doctor Mathius" was being continually "declined with thanks," with the most touching unanimity, not only by every newspaper and magazine in Paris, but even by those of the provincial towns. Finally, by dint of repeatedly sending the manuscript to *La Revue de Paris*, the editor, Louis Ulbach, consented to read the novel, and after a long time promised to insert it—some day. After a long time, it appeared, but no answer was the last chapter of "Doctor Mathius" in print than the publication was suspended on account of a new family romance explosion about Ouida. The story of their real debut is amusing. They had sent "Hugo the Wolf" to the *Constitutionnel*, for whose editor it rendered more than a year, no answer publications then see the days. One of the editors became interested in the young men, and determined to publish it on the first opportunity. As the opportunity did not present itself as soon as he wished, he resolved to create one. One of the serials was just drawing to a close, so he contrived an ingenious plot. He went on an errand to Vincennes (the employé who held the key of the drawbridge "Blue Room" in which the manuscripts were kept, and then, having waited until the last editions, he went to the editor-in-chief and asked him for copy for the serial.

"Copy? Why, it is all down-stairs."

"No, that copy was received yesterday."

"Well, begin Paul Féval's last novel. Where is the key?"

"Because has it, but he has gone to Vincennes, and will not be back before dark."

"What shall we do? We must have a serial."

"Perhaps this might help us. It is a little novel with a queer name. Two forgotten the author. Errors or Chatrianne or something. Quite a bright little thing."

"I don't care what it is, but insert something: it is four o'clock now, and the paper appears at five."

Thus it was that the *Constitutionnel* published "Hugo the Wolf." It was a great success, and from that time the authors' struggles were over. With success came wealth and fame, and with them easy circumstances.

There is a touching story in Erckmann's life, as sweet and tender as though they had written it. His sister was born in 1822, and her little childish brain was turned by the horrors of the fearful campaigns of that time, so that she lived for forty-six years in an imaginary world, needing all the attention and care of her devoted brother. During the last war, when the Prussians invaded the little city that had been guarded so long, the sight of the soldiers and the sound of the bombardment awoke in the poor brain that had remained inactive for so many years, recollections of the past, and her reason slowly came back to her; but it was too late, for she died just as the enemy had withdrawn from their fields. Erckmann was alone at her death, for he had never married, and as he would not return to his country when it became Prussian soil, he made his home with old friends in the charming valley of La Zinzell, where he is living still.

Professional Doings.

—E. V. Skinner, of the Erie, has returned from his vacation in Minnesota.

—N. C. Forrester has become manager of the new Academy of Music at Denver. The house is handsomely fitted up throughout, and has all the latest improvements in seating, etc.

—On Thursday night the new opera house at Asbury Park will be opened for a Summer season of light opera. The company will be under the direction of C. M. Pyfer, who will present The Mascotte, Pinafore, Patience, Iolanthe and Olivette.

—Winnipeg, Manitoba, is now counted among the week stands for good attractions. The country between there and St. Paul is so rapidly increasing in population that a two-week circuit can be played after leaving the former city. The Princess Opera House, at Winnipeg, recently completed at a cost of $100,000, is one of the finest theatres in the Northwest.

—A scheme of some magnitude is in the mild throes of incipient agitation on the Square. It is a proposed European professional excursion, something after the style of Cook's Tours. The plan is to charter a steamship and pool the expenses. There is to be no limit to the number of excursionists except the capacity of the vessel. Mr. Ed. Bloom is the originator of the scheme, the consummation of which is a year off—in the latter part of June. The interval will be spent in agitation, contemplation and subsidence.

—Of Minnie Palmer's appearance in Glasgow the press reports speak in somewhat favorable terms. But they do not give themselves over entirely to ecstasies. The Glasgow *News* says: "Miss Palmer is too self-conscious, too self possessed, and, as it were, too much at home with her audience." The *North British Mail* remarks: "She occasionally indulges in a too evident desire to please, which manifests itself in a palpable striving to make every line tell—a style which has ever defeated the artiste's end."

—Ada Ward will arrive this week on the *Britannic*, and may proceed to Manhattan Beach or Long Branch before beginning her season with the George Edgar company. Miss Ward anticipates enjoying our warm climate, for writing from her home in Scarboro, England, under date of June 16, she says: "I am not afraid but that I can stand your warm weather. As I sit here before a grate fire I am actually shivering with cold, while my favorite pug has ensconced himself inside the fender to keep his nose warm. My pug, alas! I must leave at home."

Letter to the Editor.

FUN IN A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

New York, July 2, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror:

Sir:—The truth about Fun in a Boarding School, which is *not* now being played by Miss Lizette Elliot, is as follows: The alleged author of the play, C. P. Bronne, transferred the proprietary right of, and all claim on, the play to Mrs. Kate Palmer Stearns, for a valuable consideration, on the 6th of January, 1882.

Subsequent to this he made another transfer of the play to Mr. Myers, then manager of John E. Ince. The following day Mr. Brown again transferred the play to Mr. Ince, and subsequently this much talked about play was again transferred to a dramatic agency, who, in their turn, transferred it to Matthew Brennan.

On the 2nd day of June, 1883, Mrs. Palmer Stearns, for a consideration, granted to me the sole and exclusive right to perform said play for a specified time. Under my contract with Mrs. Palmer I notified Mr. John Hamilton, manager of the Mount Morris Theatre, that Matthew Brennan had no right to perform the play, and that if he attempted to do so I should look to the courts for protection. Mr. Hamilton, therefore, refused to allow the piece to be played until Mr. Brennan gave him a bond to protect himself against damages, which he would not do.

Out of courtesy to Mr. Brennan, I gave to him permission to perform the play at Mount Morris Theatre upon his signing an agreement acknowledging that the play would be performed by my permission for the consideration of one hundred dollars for the use of said play, also agreeing not to play, or cause to be played, said play at any future time, except by my written permission.

These are the facts of the case, and I think they settle the question beyond cavil as to who has the exclusive right of performing Fun in a Boarding School.

Mr. John E. Ince will perform his original character of Professor Jere. Gimcrack during the Summer and Fall and Winter season, opening at St. Louis on July 9.

Yours very truly,
Frank C. Gorman,
Manager John E. Ince Company.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, . . . EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Arthur, Lillied	Kibby, Mr. Frank
Allen, D. R.	Kinsley, I.
Abbey, H. E.	Kinsley Brothers
Alexander, S.	Keene, T.
Ames, Angelia	Kelly, W. W.
Booth, Edwin (3)	Little, R. A.
Bonner, Robert	Logan, Anthony
Brown, Harry	Lacy, Harry (2)
Boyden, Helen	Lackaye, H. A.
Bangs, F. C.	Misimer, Miss Etha
Bow, Tommy	McCullough, John, mgr.
Bonham, Mrs. J. W.	McGuirk, J. C.
Bush, Edwin, Mgr. of (2)	Meadom, C. A.
Barrows, J. O. (2)	Morrissey, Starr
Barrymore, Maurice	Modjeska, Mme.
Bates, John W.	McGibney, Minnie
Boggs, W. A.	Mitchell, W.
Chambers, Frank	Morrissey, Jas. W. (2)
Clements, Frank	Modjeska, mgr. (2)
Cohen, S. H.	Mason, Helen
Carter, Miss T. A (3)	Malone, Mrs. J. T.
Chambers, Mrs.	Oates, Miss C.
Collins, John	O'Neill, James
Corbin, H. B.	Outram, L. S.
Coleman, J. J.	Pitt, H. M. (2)
Chester, Kate	Potter, F. W.
Cassidy, George H.	Phelps, A. R.
Castleton, Kate	Post, Lilly
Collier and Rice	Padden, G. E.
Carnes, Emma (2)	Phillips, Laura
Coleman's 25 Slocum co.	Ross, Adelaide
Crouch, Lucy	Rice, Ed E.
Downing, Robert L.	Rickaby, John (2)
Dunbar, Geo. B.	Roche, Frank
Dalby, Fred	Rogers, Lorraine
Evans, Lizzie (2)	Ross, Willis
Emmet, J. K.	Sammis, Clark
Eytinge, Rose	Strakosch, Max
Egbert, T. F.	Stephens, E. H.
Eyre, Gerald	Shattuck, Lillian B.
Florence Hello	Stockton, Ella
Fisher, Perkins D.	Swett, E. C. (3)
Farrell, Frank	Sanson, Bessie
Galloway, Geo. N. (2)	Searle, Cyrit
Gilbert, J. H.	Taylor, Howard
Goodwin, Nat	Tavernier, Albert
Gill, Wm.	Tavernier Mrs.; or Miss Ida Van Courtland
Gotthold, E. M.	Tayleure, C. W. (3)
Handel, Josef	Thorne, Mrs. Chas. R., Jr.
Hi Henry's Minstrels, mgr	Thompson, Denman (4)
Hugo, N. H.	Thatcher, Primrose & West
Hawk, Harry	Vining, Miss Minnie
Hicks, L. S.	Vosburg, E. B.
Hayden, W. R. (2)	Wood & West.
Harrison, Louis (3)	Wheeler, Andrew
Hill, J. M. (2)	Watkins, Chas. A.
Hank, Minnie (2)	Waller, Mrs
Havelin, H.	Wilson, H. N.
Harrison, Sam	Wolfsohn, Henry
J. K. Emmet's Fritz comb.	

***The New York Mirror has the Larges Dramatic Circulation in America.*

Honor to Whom Honor Belongs.

The Madison Square Theatre—which more nearly resembles the Theatre Francais than any other theatrical establishment in this country—is fast becoming an institution which we can point to with a feeling of national pride. Although it has not yet contributed anything important to American dramatic literature, it has persistently encouraged American dramatic authors, and proved most conclusively that their plays can be made popular and profitable. That service alone should entitle the Madison Square to the gratitude of professionals; but its good offices are by no means confined to this direction. Its influence extends further. Besides presenting clean American plays at the home house in a style which must command the unqualified admiration of all people possessed of artistic tastes, it employs a vast number of actors, at liberal salaries, and transports them to every nook and cranny of the land to represent the New York successes on a scale of completeness akin to the original productions.

Our readers have not perhaps reflected on the immensity of an influence which goes forth over the entire Union. The system which regulates the business affairs of this theatre is well-nigh perfect; indeed it could not be otherwise and succeed, considering that it has to cover a dozen or more traveling organizations. We believe that the honest commercial basis on which the management work has much to do with their prosperity. They fulfil their obligations because they assume none they are unable to meet. Notwithstanding the variety and scope of their transactions we have yet to hear of a complaint from any source of double-dealing or dishonesty on their part. It is also noticeable that, although they employ a larger number of professionals than any other theatre in the world, not one scandal has yet cropped out in the ranks of their companies. And scandals have been plentiful elsewhere during the past three years. The reason for this is found in the healthy moral tone which pervades the Madison Square establishment. It penetrates beyond the [illegible] into the homes of the actors and [illegible]—especially the latter. The management [illegible] itself in the private lives [illegible] engaged in their service. They are given the benefits of agreeable society, and are made to feel that their personal welfare is a matter of kindly concern to their employers. They are encouraged to study their profession, assisted by competent teachers, and if they show ability their light is not hidden beneath a bushel. The recipients of these advantages are alive to their value, and fully appreciating them, they reward the givers thereof by putting forth their best efforts artistically, and scrupulously avoiding the snares into which many who enjoy less protection unhappily fall.

Let those who are deficient in moral perception scoff at the Madison Square and jeer at what they are pleased to term its "holy atmosphere"—one thing is certain, that an institution which substantially encourages native talent, carries on its business on strictly correct principles and surrounds its women with good influences, deserves the hearty support of every true friend of the stage. The Madison Square has already acquired many of the features of a practical dramatic school. If it keeps on the same lines which have up to the present been pursued, it bids fair soon to become authoritatively recognized as our National Theatre.

Mr. Daly is Interviewed.

Mr. Daly has been interviewed in Chicago. It is so seldom that our reticent manager submits his views to the public through the medium of the press that his utterances on this occasion possess more than ordinary interest. Mr. Daly's talk was chiefly of the combination system as opposed to the stock plan. He is reported to have said, among other things:

> The combination system is, I think, gradually destroying itself, and will, I believe, eventually force a return to the stock company system which formerly prevailed. This change is being brought about by two existing conditions. The amusement-going people have been surfeited with the uneven and oft-repeated performances of numerous combinations, which play one piece the season through and repeat it two or three times in the same town. The companies are so numerous that the standard has been greatly lowered; and this the public are quick to resent. The public of other cities may be gulled once or twice by the trade-mark of a well-known metropolitan theatre; but when they are asked to accept as original companies combinations of the same name, but numerically titled, they reject the whole of them as fraudulent.

Mr. Daly is reputed to be a man of discernment in all theatrical matters except those in which he himself is interested, and we are somewhat astonished to find him talking this sort of bosh to the Chicago reporter. In the first place, the combination system is not "destroying itself"—on the contrary, it is growing stronger every year. Next season there will be more and better companies on the road than ever before, as an inspection of the list at once reveals. The arguments which Mr. Daly brings forward to support his false view of the situation are frivolous. If people are tired, as he says, of frequently repeated performances, why does Mr. Daly, when he makes a real success at his New York theatre, form a combination and send it on the road? Why is he at this very moment playing his 7-20-8 company in provincial towns? Surely, it cannot be that Mr. Daly's argument applies sweepingly to all combinations save his own. A stationary stock company should not imitate the ordinary travelling troupe and "surfeit the amusement-going people with uneven and oft-repeated performances." Fudge! It's a poor rule that don t work both ways.

Mr. Daly's language in speaking of the Madison Square—for that is no doubt the "well-known metropolitan theatre" that sends out "numerically titled combinations" to which he alludes—is neither professional nor courteous. Mr. Mallory does not use the trade-mark of his famous little house to gull the public, as Mr. Daly states, nor have we heard of out-of-town managers rejecting any of his companies as fraudulent. They may express a preference for the parties containing the best-known actors; but the character of all the Madison Square companies is sufficiently good to insure their ready acceptance by the most particular of provincial managers. We are surprised and pained that Mr. Daly should commit himself to statements about a rival house which he could not, for the life of him, substantiate.

In concluding his remarks upon the subject of combinations, Mr. Daly said:

> The public evinces a disposition to support good stock companies in the principal cities, and in these there is a notable increase in the stock-playing theatres. During the season just closed New York has had three stock companies; next season it will have seven. These will be at Wallack's, the Star, Union Square, Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, the Bijou and Daly's—though the Bijou, I understand, will be a musical company, but still a stock company. In Boston the Bijou, the Boston and the Museum will have stock companies, and Mr. Stetson may determine to have the Globe a stock theatre. This stock system, I believe, will extend to other cities, and in time each will have its stock company as of yore.

Mr. Daly's belief is as wrong as his figures—there is no tendency toward the stock system in other cities. As to New York Mr. Daly is somewhat mixed. The Star Theatre will have no stock company; the Bijou has always had a permanent comic opera company, so it cannot be named as among the increase; the Fifth Avenue will be occupied by a stock company only a part of the regular season, and then it will simply be an equivalent for the combination which Mr. Stetson managed at Booth's last Spring; Wallack's, the Union Square, Madison Square and Daly's have been stock theatres for several years. In reality, therefore, we shall have three stock companies—the same number we had last season. Now let us look at Boston. The Bijou is a musical house, and does not count in the stock category; the Boston Theatre and Museum have been stock theatres for a long time; Mr. Stetson will play his New York combination occasionally at the Globe—the rest of the time will be filled by other combinations and stars. So far as the Hub is concerned, there is to be no increase. At present we have no intelligence of the formation of stock organizations in other cities, so where do Mr. Daly's signs of a return to the system of yore come in?

The fact of the matter is that our manager has gone entirely astray—the wish was father to his speech. The combination business is in no danger of decay. It is growing all the time. The managers of all the stock theatres in the country are getting into it, more or less. Messrs. Wallack, Mallory, Collier, Tompkins and Hill, and Field send their companies out travelling several months in every year. Mr. Daly himself deploys detachments of his company in the provinces during the regular season, and he closes his theatre from May until September while he takes his people on the road. The purpose of this article is not to set forth the benefits or evils attending the combination system. Everyone knows that it is agreeable to the public, profitable to the manager, and bad for the actor—from an artistic point of view. So long as it pays as liberally as it has done, it will certainly endure.

So far as Mr. Daly is concerned, we should judge from his Chicago interview that his usual reticence is a sign of wisdom. One is apt to regard a silent man with awe, because silence suggests knowledge. We humbly advise Mr. Daly to leave the newspaper-reading public in boundless, blissful ignorance of his views on dramatic subjects hereafter.

Criticism at Low-Water Mark.

The best evidence that dramatic criticism in the daily press is at low-water mark is furnished by the criticisms themselves. Invariably, they betray carelessness, haste and immaturity. The fault does not rest with the writers so much as with the pernicious system they are compelled to follow. It is impossible, according to the prevailing custom, for the critic of a daily newspaper to review a performance thoroughly or thoughtfully. He has not the necessary time. His orders are to send or take the article to the down-town office before midnight. Usually at a *premiere* things move slowly, and the final curtain does not fall until eleven o'clock. This gives the critic, providing he sits the play through to the end, about half-an-hour to compose his criticism, and an equal length of time to transmit it to his office in the lower part of the city.

Under such circumstances the exercise of the mental faculties is scarcely possible. That writer is yet unborn who can impartially, exhaustively and accurately pass judgment upon a play and its actors in the brief space of thirty minutes. But our dramatic writers avoid this by choosing a worse plan. They sit through an act or two, and trusting to luck for the rest, give their verdict haphazard on the strength of the little they have seen. Naturally, they frequently go astray, as the first-half of a play is not usually a certain indication of success or failure. The flagrant injustice of this habit must be manifest to every sensible person. Any dramatic representation, if worthy of attention at all, should be considered in its entirety. The play on which the author has expended weeks of labor, the manager invested his means liberally, and the actors given careful rehearsal, deserves thorough and comprehensive treatment from the journalist. The idea of forming and expressing an opinion after seeing but a couple of acts is not only ridiculous but positively baneful; for when the author, actors and public alike cease to respect the critics, a great corrective influence is lost, and dramatic art suffers in consequence. What would we say of the literary reviewer who confined his examination of a book to the preface or the opening chapter, and then pronounced upon its merits?

The blame for bringing dramatic criticism into contempt must be laid to the spirit of worry and rush which permeates our whole newspaper system. The journalist's one aim appears to be the snatching of Time by the forelock. Haste is the first requisite, and carelessness is, of course, a necessary accompaniment to everything. This feverish manner of pitchforking a quickly-thrown-together newspaper to the hungry public has brought the dramatic department into its present disgraceful condition. The editor classifies theatrical events merely as news which must be garnered and printed in the same manner as court proceedings, casualties and other ordinary local matter. What chance is there for sincere, acute, sagacious criticism amid such a deplorable state of things?

There is but one remedy. If the drama is to have just treatment from the press it must be distinctly separated from the fires, murders, scandals and police courts. That consideration which, as one of the fine arts, is its due, must be promptly accorded it.

In doing this, the plan followed by the chief newspapers of Paris might be imitated with advantage. There the mere fact of a performance having taken place, with a few particulars regarding the size and character of the audience, the favor or disapprobation they showed the representation, appears the next morning. This is compiled by an ordinary chronicler of news. The regular critic—who meantime may have witnessed the piece a second time, going back *pour mieux sauter*—defers his *critique* for several days. When it appears, therefore, it is worthy of perusal, since it represents studious, patient investigation. Better yet, the writer has done justice to his journal and himself as well as to those of whom he has written. The critics of the French capital are men of brains. They have made their vocation one of popular appreciation and literary honor. In their particular field they lead the world. Compared to them the poor ink-slingers who burlesque dramatic criticism in the American metropolis are as pigmies beside giants.

Upon the right sort of critical perception the endurance of a lofty drama in this country largely depends. It can be obtained if the proprietors of our newspapers will model the conduct of their dramatic departments after the pattern furnished by the Paris journals. It may be urged that this would not be easy because we, as yet, have no critics. True. But there are difficulties attending the introduction of every innovation. We have men of intellect—plenty of them—and these, given the opportunity, will develop into critics. At any rate, if the experiment were once tried, we are sure there would never be a return to the wretched arrangement now in force.

Personal.

McCALL.—Lizzie McCall is still disengaged. She is an actress of bright talents, and either for serious or comedy parts would be an acquisition to any company. A portrait of the lady is printed above.

JARRETT.—Henry Jarrett is in Paris.

MILLIKEN.—Edwin Milliken is summering at Willoughby Lake, Vermont.

PATTISON.—Kate Pattison is to star through the English provinces in Storm Beaten.

FIELD.—Next season will be R. M. Field's twentieth as manager of the Boston Museum.

McGEACHY. — The irrepressible Charles McGeachy left for San Francisco Saturday night.

LARGE.—Daly's company drew an average of $1,000 a performance during four weeks in Chicago.

ROBINSON.—Among the many passengers who sailed for England on Saturday was Frederic W. Robinson.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry sails for Europe by the *Alaska* on the 24th, and will remain away two months.

ELLIOTT.—Agnes Elliott is fast recovering strength at Manhattan Beach. She no longer requires the services of her physician.

BARNAY.—Ludwig Barnay has sent portraits of himself as Marc Antony to Daniel Frohman, Lester Wallack and Lawrence Barrett.

GAYLER.—A play by Charles Gayler called Jalma will be produced during the season by Tompkins and Hill at the Boston Theatre.

ROSA.—Patti Rosa, the talented soubrette, has re-engaged with Charles Gardner to play the leading parts in M. C. and Karl next season. Miss Rosa is passing the Summer at her mother's residence in Newark. Before beginning her tour in August she will go down to Manhattan Beach for a few days.

CHERIE.—Adelaide Cherie was at Coney Island Tuesday laying small wagers on the races.

SQUARE.—During the past few days the crowd on the Square has diminished considerably.

FARRELL.—Frank Farrell has been working the papers in a lively style for the Centennial Guards—without avail.

SARGENT.—Harry Sargent has again been taken into camp by Dion B. He is now busily attending to the preliminaries of the actor's tour.

McCULLOUGH.—John McCullough has been invited to read the Declaration of Independence at the Keokuk (Iowa) Fourth of July celebration.

FROHMAN.—Charles and Gustave Frohman intend establishing a permanent minstrel organization in Boston, with William Welch in charge.

MACKAY.—John A. Mackay has signed with Rice for next season; but it is possible that with the latter's consent he will star on his own account.

FAITHFULL.—Emily Faithfull has been writing London letters for the *Star*. She is an entertaining but nota remarkably clever correspondent.

MILES.—Manager Miles returns to Cincinnati to-day (Tuesday), after having approved the newly-completed plans of the new Bijou with General Barton.

CLARKE.—John S. Clarke seems to have regained all his old-time popularity with the Londoners. He will not appear in this country again for some time.

SHOOK.—For some time past Sheridan Shook has been an invalid. He lately changed his doctor, and, under improved treatment, is rapidly getting better.

ARLINGTON.—Maggie Arlington was a spectator at the Sheepshead Bay races on Saturday. She will go to the Branch next month with friends for a four weeks' sojourn.

CONEY.—Coney Island is a favorite resort for professionals this Summer. The Iron Pier resembles a seaside Rialto, except that the female element is largely represented.

COLVILLE.—The deadheads at Haverly's have worried several pounds of flesh off of Sam Colville. It is said he doesn't like theatre-managing, and will get out of it as soon as he can.

WILLIAMS.—A letter from Gus Williams, received yesterday, says he intends leaving Hot Springs next Monday, to go to his place at Mount Clemens, Mich., for the rest of the Summer.

REES.—Stella Rees is in the city. She was with Louis and Alice Harrison the past season, and they speak very highly of her abilities as walking lady. She has not engaged for next season.

HOWSON.—John Howson is well satisfied with the success of his Summer season at the Boston Museum. His last experience in comic opera—for some time at least—is a pleasant one.

THOMPSON.—Den Thompson, the typical New Englander, always resorts in Summer to the scenes in which he figures during the season. He is passing the Summer in rural fashion at Swansea.

FRENCH.—Henry French has "paralyzed" the fair ladies of 'Frisco. His dazzling toilettes and florid beauty are irresistible. Tearle has not made so many conquests. Perhaps he isn't seeking them now.

ST. QUINTEN.—Lizzie St. Quinten is at the Hotel Madison, Alton, Ill. She has not been overwhelmed with success lately. Bad management, probably, for she is certainly one of the brightest singing comediennes on the stage.

YATES.—The Directory of the Utica Opera House have elected Theodore L. Yates to manage the house for another year. The results of the past season justified the Directory in continuing Mr. Yates in a position which he ably fills.

CARLETON.—William Carleton has signed with McCaull for next season. His wife and children are at Larchmont Manor, on the Sound, where they drive about a good deal in a stylish village cart that just holds them all without spilling out.

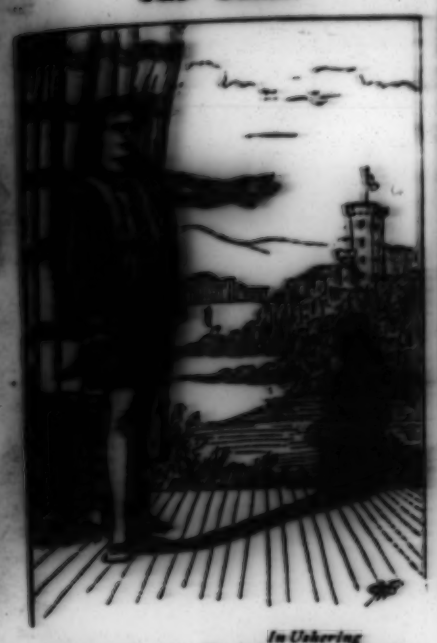
JEFFERSON.—Joseph Jefferson is on a fishing trip down in Jersey, a few miles from his home at Hohokus. He is with a camping-out party. Mr. Jefferson has given his sons several thousand dollars apiece to invest in a cattle ranche in the West.

HALL.—Blakely Hall is making New Brunswick his home during the Summer, coming to town daily to do his work on the *Sun*. Mr. Hall has a wide connection with out-of-town papers. He has recently taken the New York correspondence of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

VILLA.—The portraits of a talented trio appear on the first page of THE MIRROR this week. The Villas, Sam B., Agnes Wallace and Little Lucie, head a company that has long been popular in the New England, Middle and near Western States. They are passing the Summer at their county home in Ridgewood, N. J. On the 25th of August Mr. and Mrs. Villa start on their fourteenth annual tour as stars.

DONNELLY.—John F Donnelly had a narrow escape from death yesterday morning. He was awaiting the passing of a heavily-laden truck at the corner of Whitehall street and Broadway, when a wheel broke and was precipitated against him, while barrels and boxes rolled all around, fortunately none of them striking him. He escaped with a few bruises, and was able to limp from the scene of the accident.

The Usher.



Blind him who can't *In Ushering* *The ladies call him, sweet.*
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The papers of Denver, Colorado, have been discussing Colonel Haverly and his financial interests in that State with more freedom than courtesy. The *Times* and *Tribune* abuse him unmercifully, while the *Republican* lifts its voice heavely in his defense. It says: "We believe that Colonel Haverly has invested every cent of $250,000 in Colorado. And it is not lost. His Gunnison and San Miguel property is as good as gold. But if he had lost every cent of it, it would be nothing against Colorado. It was sent here in a reckless, haphazard manner, and invested without due consideration. Colonel Haverly was deceived and robbed, as many more careful men have been; but shouldn't the press of Colorado rather belavor the confidence operator and thieves instead of the poor victim? Colonel Haverly is a Napoleon in his sphere; mining is not in his line. No man has ever lost a dollar on Haverly—no man ever will. He has a wonderful business genius. Reverses do not crush him. He will be himself again, and his Colorado investment' may yet prove bonanzas." The *Republican* deserves credit for declaring itself in this bold fashion. I trust its prediction about Haverly will be fulfilled, and I congratulate Denver on having a paper courageous enough to take sides with the man who has been getting the worst of it lately.

* * *

Minnie Palmer's manager has been unable to secure an opening for her at a first-class London theatre. Beggars mustn't be choosers, so he has booked four weeks, beginning in September, at the Grand way out at Islington—a London Mount Morris.

* * *

William Henry Forman, formerly dramatic critic of the *Mail*, is an exceptionally modest man. Else I should have known before now that he was projector and editor of that delightful periodical, the *Manhattan*. As the conductor of a magazine which bids fair to achieve a wide popularity, Forman figures as well as he did in journalism. Good luck to him!

* * *

In matters pertaining to the race-track and cockpit the *Spirit* is an eminent authority. No paper in the land more zealously observes and chronicles the events and affairs of the motley world of sport. But its dramatic department is fearfully and wonderfully made—in fact, it is gradually getting to be looked upon as the Eighth Wonder of the universe. The editor thereof—whoever he may be—displays so much ignorance of theatricals that I am inclined to believe he served his apprenticeship at billiard-marking or book-making. One of his many queer delusions is that all our managers could acquire untold wealth if they would but keep their theatres open through the dog-days. Despite the terrible lessons taught by past experiments in the direction of Summer seaps, he keeps on offering this imbecile advice, which, of course, is unheeded by the managers, who know their business better than anyone else. The talents of this seraphic writer are completely obscured in the *Spirit's* dramatic page. Colonel Buck should make his "critic" a cricket reporter, or give him the more appropriate job of compiling biographies of the famous equines that are pictured from time to time in the *Spirit*. In that capacity his genius might find a chance to develop—the stage is a subject which gives it no scope.

* * *

The Daniels are coming to judgment. Last week's *Police Court Register* records the finding of several verdicts for various sums against two so-called dramatic newspapers which have been desperately hanging on to existence by the thin of their teeth—or the skinning of professionals—for some months past.

* * *

Ned Harrigan, I understand, will mark the season at the Comique by careful revivals of a number of his old successes. These are certain to draw, for their popularity has not suffered by his more recent productions. The studies in black and white afforded by the Mulligans, Lochmullers, Puters and Skidmores are always refreshing; the series of old-time local hits are sure to attract Harrigan and Hart's friends—whose name is legion.

* * *

It is said that Charles Wyndham has an eye on a New York theatre. I hope he will not rest content with keeping it there, but take measures to acquire the management of the place. The Wyndham company as a permanent fixture, presenting the latest French and English comedy successes, is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The troupe has won an enviable position in the regard of our public: Wyndham is a capital manager as well as a light comedian of unequalled ability. If the report of his plan to locate be true, New York has cause for self-gratulation.

* * *

Edwin Booth's plan to occupy his Newport villa this Summer has suffered a change. Last week he went over to inspect the building for the first time, and he found it quite equal to the expectations he had formed; but he made up his mind to close it until next year. He will spend the next six weeks visiting friends in Rondout, Pittsfield and Greenwich. Then he goes for a few days to Pigeon Cove, Mass., where he will be a guest of the poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Booth will secure a residence in New York, where he will live next Winter when not fulfilling professional engagements.

* * *

You remember Kyrle Bellew, the chap who came over here to teach us a thing or two in the way of acting, and returned to London after one week's stay and wrote a book on America? Well, he has been distinguishing himself as an amateur pugilist, practising with considerable effect upon the manager of the Brighton Theatre, who owed Kyrle a week's salary and refused to pay it. The actor was arrested and fined, and the manager has not liquidated. Who got the worst of it?

* * *

Maurice Minturn, formerly editor of the *Town*, and compiler of an annual society directory, dashed into my office, a few weeks ago, and announced that he was going to London to produce a play he had written. I see that he has actually carried the threat into execution. At an Olympic matinee the other day Cinq Mars, by "Morris Minton" and Alwyne Maude—the latter a recent member of Horace Lingard's company—was presented with direful effect. The London critics to a man rose up in their might and crushed it. One writer remarked: "I am disposed to affirm that the concoctors of it might have passed the time devoted to the manufacture of it more usefully, say, in carrying a hod or digging potatoes. Their labor then might have been of some service to the world. As it is they have produced something ridiculous in itself, and calculated to bring ridicule upon them." I am sorry Minturn has been attacked with the play-writing fever. He is a journalist of exceptional talent, and it is to be regretted that he is frittering his time away in a field in which few men have any chance of success.

* * *

Irving is being well-fed before starting for this side. Perhaps they have a mean opinion of Yankee provender over there. Next Saturday the English tragedian will be dined and wined at the Garrick Club by Bancroft, of the Haymarket.

* * *

Barry Sullivan's son, Amory, who is known here, has just got a divorce from his wife, Adeline Stanhope, in London. The leading man of Amory's company was the cause. In this regard some sapient person has observed that English leading men are misleading.

* * *

Labby has gained nothing in popular estimation by his peculiar conduct in the matter of the wager with Irving Bishop, the Yankee thought-reader. Bishop, according to all reliable accounts, fulfilled the conditions of the wager, but Labby has not paid over the $5,000 at stake to the charitable institution which was to receive it. Instead, he has been begging the issue in *Truth* and making himself ridiculous by insisting upon another trial. But Bishop has been getting a good deal of advertising out of the affair.

* * *

The temperature of the dressing-rooms in our theatres at this season is something frightful. I was unfortunate enough to spend five minutes in one the other evening, and I haven't cooled off yet. The place was suffocating and the inmate—a well-known comedian—in a state of perspiration awful to contemplate. He stated that he felt, after a performance, as though he had passed several hours in the torrid room of a Turkish bath. I understand, from similar complaints proceeding from other sources, that the dressing-rooms at the other theatres are in the same condition. It is positively cruel to give the actors such uncomfortable accommodations. A little more space, a few windows or air-shafts and electric lights would lessen the heat. Surely the people behind the curtain require as much, if not more, attention in this regard as those in front of it, for their attendance is compulsory to a certain extent, while that of the auditors is voluntary. Managers cannot expect their companies to do good work when they're unnecessarily enervated by the stifling atmosphere of the little closets in which they dress. Perhaps the best way for them to realize this would be to try it for themselves. If they could breathe for half-an hour in the small hells occupied by their actors, they possess greater power of respiration than the average run of mortals.

* * *

The St. Louis *Critic*, which has started a new series well under the editorship of J. Travis Quigg, contains too many bright features of its own to mix them up with the bright features of this paper, which are republished without credit. The *Critic* is welcome to whatever it chooses to shear from these columns so long as THE MIRROR's name is attached thereto.

* * *

I am surprised to learn that Mr Childs, of Boston, the author of Dreams, is an Irishman. He is alluded to by "Grimalkin" of the London *Stage* as "Pat."

* * *

A printed letter-head of the Coliseum Variety Theatre in Kansas City lies before me. It contains the rules which govern all engagements the manager makes with specialty people for an appearance at his house. A perusal of these develops some facts that need looking into. One of the clauses reads: "Lady artists can always secure a date at this theatre." Then the following conditions are stipulated: "All employés engaged at this theatre are expected to board in the private boarding department connected with the theatre. * * * All ladies engaged at this theatre are expected to spend their leisure time in the green-room." A man named Clark is proprietor and manager of this chaste place of amusement which is falsely called a theatre. His list of rules are about the same as those in force among the majority of dives in the Western country. The "private boarding department" racket, if used for no worse purpose, enables the manager to win back in exchange for bed, board and whiskey the hire he pays his miserable artists. I suppose the "ladies" are expected to put in their leisure time at this caravansarie in the same manner that they do in the green-room, which is probably another name for the familiar institution where bad liquors are sold to green young men who dandle the "ladies" on their knees in return for the investment.

* * *

I shall not waste words of sympathy upon the poor creatures who accept engagements at the Kansas City dive. If they are willing to conform to the rules made by the proprietor and work for him in the boarding-house and wine-room as well as on the stage, it is their own business, I suppose. But I must strenuously enter an objection to the Coliseum's being called a theatre. The mere fact of its having a curtain, stage and scenery does not give it the right to the title. As there are many people braying around against the stage there should be no such argument on hand as this sham theatre supplies. For the sake of the profession a very distinct line should be drawn between reputable theatres and variety halls of the Coliseum stamp.

* * *

Bob Miles, I see, is going to experiment with a dome sky, when the new Bijou is finished, for exterior scenes. Fechter tried this long ago and it didn't work. Others have attempted it and with the same result. It has been the subject of much thought with scenic artists, who naturally wish to do away with the present device of blue borders, which never look natural. The obstacles to the dome plan are many. In the first place, it can't be strongly lighted; secondly, it will not "join" perfectly with the backcloth and wings; thirdly, the sky has to be toned, lightened or darkened, to fit landscapes and exteriors of different kinds. Since the heavens do not always present the same azure aspect, this cannot well be done with the dome. However, if Miles has got hold of a new and satisfactory way of applying the idea it will cause a big revolution in scene-painting and a wonderful improvement in stage illusion.

The Phœnix Never Dies.

Milton Nobles is enjoying a rest, after a busy season, at his home in First Place, one of the pleasantest streets in South Brooklyn. A MIRROR reporter found him there one morning recently, and inquired as to his prospects.

"This is a dull time to ask after interesting items, and I hardly know what to say. I closed in Philadelphia the latter part of April, so I have had quite a vacation already. I have just engaged with the Meech Brothers for an appearance in Buffalo, July 16, for the Saengerfest week, when 100,000 people are expected in the city. My wife and I go from here, and the company is to be made up of summering professionals there—whom I do not know. Possibly my old comedian, Alonzo Schwartz, will form one of the support."

"Any changes in your company this season?"

"Yes; changes occur each year, although my combination is the oldest now travelling. I started out in 1875, when the Furbish Fifth Avenue company had such a successful tour, and having written The Phœnix that year, I put it on and have played it ever since. My company will include, besides myself and wife, Dolly Nobles, Edwin L. Mortimer, Max Fehrmann, George Barnum, J. W. Gardiner, W. C. Anderson, J. Duke Murray, A. D. Byers, George Parkhurst, W. B. Wright, Carline Weidman, Alfa Perry and Grace Page."

"And you open—where?"

"That is hardly decided yet, though, in all probability, it will be in Syracuse, September 17. From there to St. Louis, where our regular season begins September 30 at the Grand Opera House. Then we go South through Texas to New Orleans, over the new Southern Pacific route, heretofore untravelled, to El Paso, and through New Mexico and Colorado, reaching Denver in January. We get to Chicago about February 1, and reach New York by the 10th of March. That will be the shortest season on the road for me, and with just a few open dates, I am booked solid for the entire time up to New York. I shall then play here four or five weeks at Miner's People's Theatre, the Windsor and Mount Morris, ending with engagements at the Brooklyn Grand and in Williamsburg."

"Any new plays?"

"No; I shall continue A Man of the People, submit Interviews, and the Phœnix never dies, you know. I did begin writing a new piece last week on the melodramatic order, but I don't know whether I shall find enough new material to finish it or not.

"It may not be finished in time for this season, so I am not announcing it to managers. I find the old pieces drawing an increase of ten and twenty per cent., so why not keep them on? I put on The Phœnix and A Man of the People three nights during the week at Buffalo."

"Do you remain in Brooklyn for the rest of the Summer?"

"Only a week after playing in Buffalo; then I spend a week at Fire Island, and during the month of August may be found at my Cottage—Democracy Hall—on the Shrewsbury, near Fair Haven."

Macauley a Monopolist.

A MIRROR reporter met John T. Macauley at the St. James yesterday and asked after the Louisville outlook.

"I've secured the Grand Opera House for the next three years, and with Macauley's Theatre I expect to be something of a monopolist like Dave Bidwell. The Opera House is undergoing repairs at present, and the interior looks as though a small cyclone had sneaked in at the stage door and left by way of the box-office window. New seats are being put in. Toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen are to be comfortably arranged, and a stock of new scenery is being prepared by the St. Louis artists, Noxon, Toomey and Albert."

"When does your season begin?"

"Both houses open August 1, simultaneously with the Exposition, which is to last one hundred days and will be a big affair. Ford's Opera Company will open Macauley's Theatre, to be followed by Nat Goodwin. The Grand Opera House will open with John Ince's Bar'l o' Money, Young Mrs. Winthrop following."

"Where will you spend the Fourth?"

"Here, I believe, leaving immediately after for Louisville to push the work on the Grand."

Bunching of the Keys.

"It has been definitely settled that Charles Bowser is to play Snaggs in my Bunch of Keys," said Manager Frank Sanger to a MIRROR reporter yesterday. "Harry Brown made a success of the part; but as there was no room in the company for his wife he did not care to remain with us. There was no unpleasantness in the matter, and we parted on friendly terms. Lina Merville, who made such a success of Teddy here and in Chicago, is retained in the cast. Gene Canfield will play Grimes—a part in which he has made a great hit. Marietta Nash and Anna Brevoor will resume their respective parts of Dolly and May. Mine is the original Sparks company, minus Mr. and Mrs. Edouin and James Powers. New York City and Chicago have set the seal of their endorsement on the substitutes."

"How have you divided the work with Company No. 2?"

"McAdow's company, headed by his wife, Flora Moore, as Teddy, and E. L. Walton as Snaggs, will have the South. I have booked in the principal cities only, and open in Columbus, O., Sept. 3 (Fair week). The companies will not come into conflict, as we shall not intrude upon one-night stands. Joseph Arthur, who returns from Europe in the middle of August, continues as my business manager. I look forward to as prosperous a season as the Sparks have ever had. Our one hundred and one continuous performances at the San Francisco Opera House was the great success of the season here, and we go forth confident that the Sparks will glow brighter than ever. We have made special arrangements for the proper representation of the great hotel scene in all the cities visited. All our printing is new, and includes many novelties. Most of my time is filled, and we will tarry in no city less than three nights."

"How is Mr. Edouin getting on in London?"

"He opens at the Avenue Theatre on the 16th for a season of eight weeks, presenting Dreams. He may extend the engagement and present his successful burlesques, Revels and Horrors. He will positively remain abroad one or two years."

The Galveston Trouble.

L. E. Spencer, one of the principals in the theatrical litigation in Galveston, Texas, arrived in town on Friday last. Mr. Spencer does not look as if the vexations of litigation had affected his physical well-being to any extent. He is here booking for the new Harmony Theatre at Galveston.

"I should have been in New York sooner," said he to a MIRROR reporter, "but that I was waiting the pleasure of Mr. Pillot, the owner of the Tremont Opera House, who appeared to be anxious to have the suit brought to an issue. The case was called on June 21, when, to my surprise, Mr. Pillot's counsel asked for a delay, claiming they were not ready. So the case has gone over to the October term."

"What will be the outcome—that is, from your point of view?"

"That I will regain possession of the Tremont Opera House, with damages. My story is briefly told, and I have papers to prove its truth. On the 1st of last February I leased the house from Mr. Pillot from May 1, 1883, to May 1, 1884. A few days before I should have entered upon it the lease was quashed. On the 1st of May I tendered Mr. Pillot the rent for the full year, $6,500, in cash. He refused it. Then Mr. Pillot secured a writ of injunction, giving bonds to $10,000, and thus secured possession. J. E. Reilly was given the lease and he afterward sold a half interest to Henry Greenwall. Bookings are now being made for the Tremont, and I am not interfering. My case is in the hands of two of Galveston's ablest lawyers in the State and I have no fear of the result. Pillot thought he saw big money in the Tremont, and that is the cause of the trouble. I have also a suit against him for $10,000 damages."

"If you win the suit will you still reside in Harmony Theatre?"

"Yes, for it is the better house. It could not have been opened until the Fall of '84 but for this trouble. The house was built by the clubs which include in their membership the wealth of the city. The auditorium proper holds 700, and the balcony 400. The latter is hung from the roof, leaving the auditorium clear. There is no gallery. It will be the fashionable house of the city. When I regain possession of the Tremont I shall play attractions at either house as they seem best to suit. The Tremont has the greater seating capacity, but the Harmony's down-stairs—that is, higher-priced—seats enables it to hold as much if not more money."

The New Bijou.

The plans for the new Bijou were shown a MIRROR reporter yesterday, and if followed out in every detail, the new house will be a model of beauty and comfort. Every stick and stone of the present building is to be torn down and a five-story structure erected on the site, taking in the building to the south. The saloon will remain in its usual location, while the front of the floor above will be devoted to a spacious promenade, with the executive offices adjoining.

The main entrance will be at the north side of the Broadway front, where it is now, and between this entrance—which will be twenty-six feet wide—and the saloon, a stairway will lead to the balcony above. The orchestra floor will be reached on a level from the street. There will be a gallery above the balcony. The entire auditorium will seat 1,000 persons. A Moorish proscenium arch will be flanked by eight boxes finished in the Mooresque style. Old-fashioned flies and borders will be done away with and the stage surmounted by a dome, appropriately decorated with clouds, stars and other planetary bodies. This will be an initiatory experiment and has been patented. The most approved pattern of seats will be used, the principal object being not to seat many as to make the many comfortable. The basement will contain about fifteen dressing-rooms, with special method of ventilation, a smoking-room, closets, etc.

The building will be fire-proof, with ample special exits in case of panic. The front elevation will consist of Moorish designs in terra-cotta interspersed with enameled bricks in colors. The opening of the new theatre's season will occur Oct. 1, with the presentation of a comic opera not yet decided upon.

Letter to the Editor.

AN EXPERIENCE IN KENTUCKY.

37 AND 39 ADAMS STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL., June 16, 1883.

Editor New York Mirror:

DEAR SIR:—In fulfillment of a promise made to the manager of Bryan Hall at Millersburg, Ky., on the 9th of April last, I am led to write you the facts in our case. In the absence of Mr. Bryan, his wife signed a contract with our advance agent, routing us the last day of April 6, 1883, at ten dollars, and to furnish paste, paper and stage hands, and have the hall cleaned, warmed and lighted.

The writer left the company at Georgetown and came to Millersburg a day in advance, and by the aid of the whole-souled and gentlemanly proprietor of this Bryan House, succeeded in getting an audience to the hall—and such a hall! Ye gods! those poor unfortunate outdoor all over it of "rowdy by night," such as corner oyster-cans, saloon-cans, cuspidor-cans, broken cuspidors, lamps, broken chairs, broken stove-pipe, etc., etc., and so on, ashes and grease all over—floor, scenery and everywhere—park rinds, specimens of human, and found in endless profusion. Add to this a colored-pencil nigger with his right coat-sleeve minus on duty, and then learn that he is janitor, usher and stage hands, and suppose all this to come upon the mind about 4 o'clock in the forenoon of a cold, rainy day in April—well, to say the least, the prospect for a show in the evening was none too flattering.

There had been a convention and constitution of the Lincoln Clubs there for considerable preceding nights. By the aid of the landlord aforesaid, help was obtained, the hall and chairs cleaned and the stage repaired and carpeted, dressing-rooms improvised and partitions secured; and right here I desire to tender to the the manager's wife our sincere thanks for the loan of a wooden flower-stand, and to assure her that we should have been placed under overbearing obligations to her had she permitted us to go for tongues upon the necessity as to have abandoned the use of a cook-stove or bucket for the dressing-room, also a coal oil-lamp, the loan of either of which she declined with thanks.

I earnestly sought for an introduction to Manager Bryan. It was a fruitless search; for he, like his paste, stage hands and ushers, was one of invention. Our people, after an all-day's jaunt by rail (distance forty-five miles), succeeded in reaching the Hall at about 6 P. M., and the house was filled and curtain up at 9, and all went as merrily as a marriage-bell.

No one called for the hall rent, and on the morning of the 9th we left for Carlisle—distant about six miles—and there, about 2 o'clock in the evening, Manager Bryan showed up. He came over after his ten dollars hall rent, so he said, and he also wanted about sixty cents additional for car-fare over and back, and twenty-five cents for a telegram. There was blood in his eye; he stormed and raged and threatened, and proposed to show us that he had a very warm attachment for us. We could not afford to stop and litigate the matter, and so paid his attorney the ten dollars, leaving Bryan counting over his railroad fare and telegram. Mr. Bryan showed by his conduct that he is a fit and proper representative Kentucky gentleman, eh, and in an eminent degree deserving the patronage of traveling dramatic companies.

I have given you all the facts in the case, and if you will kindly publish them, you will confer a favor upon them, as well as Your obedient servant,

C. G.
of Hall &

The Life of a Wanderer.

BY LUMPACI VAGABUNDUS.

V.

About this period of our story the *Inconstant* was paid off and put out of commission, and Master Frank, holding only the position of a naval cadet, really a boy of the first-class, was, virtually, out of the service until he could muster up influence enough at the Admiralty to get appointed to another ship. Pending this he stayed at home, and of course got into mischief. The "Young Ireland" party, as it was called, was just then beginning to bud off from the Repeal Association, and Thomas Davis, John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Dillon, Gavan Duffy and some other enthusiastic youths became fired with the idea of revolutionizing Ireland, crushing England's army with a handful of peasants armed with pikes, and establishing a Republic without a penny to keep it up.

On one unlucky night Frank was induced to accompany two ladies to a meeting of the "College Debating Society," a club of hot-headed young men who met to air their unfledged opinions and to give vent to the *cacathes loquendi* that is one of those diseases of adolescence even worse than the whooping cough or the measles. On this particular occasion, Thomas Davis was the orator of the evening. Against him was a self-sufficient youth, brother to the girls who had enlisted Frank as their escort, and one of those commonplace young men who think themselves orators, when they are merely spouters of other men's ideas. Of course Thomas Davis, who was a genius if ever there was such a thing, made short work of so puny an antagonist, and, in the course of his impassioned tirade against England and her barbarous government of Ireland, he spake such words of fire as inflamed the brains and heart of the foolish young middy, who drank in eagerly all the rhodomontade vented by the orator, and blindly accepted all his *ex parte* statements as solid facts.

All Frank's prejudices of blood, rank and religion vanished like the morning mist before the fervid eloquence of Thomas Davis. He saw that it was now no question of Catholic and Protestant, but of freedom and slavery, Ireland and England. Men of both religions were leaders in the movement. Mitchel, Smith O'Brien and Davis were Protestants; conciliation and tolerance was the fashion now. Liberty was the goddess at whose shrine all Irishmen were to worship, and Rome and Armagh were to shake hands over the prostrate flag of England, and all this was to be effected by the unaided efforts of half a dozen lads and young men of no social standing nor wealth, and in despite of the long cherished hatred of race and religion which had been fostered for centuries by the priests on one side and the parsons on the other. Here was romance enough to satisfy the most exacting boyish imagination. Frank saw himself Admiral of the Irish fleet, arrayed gorgeously in green and gold with the Irish tricolor, green, orange and white, floating majestically from the flagstaff of a man-of-war of the first-class and bearing that flag in triumph "over the dark blue waters." The vision was entrancing. No more kotowing to the mainmast; no more middle watches; no leave to ask of the first lieutenant; but unlimited liberty of action for himself and absolute dominion over everyone else. Liberty in its true sense—that is, the liberty to do as you please and to make others do as you please also.

So Frank stopped all applications for re-appointment in her Majesty's Navy and threw himself headlong into the great revolution of '48. The British ensign was hauled down on board the little *Nautilus*, prototype of the coming Admiral's flagship, and Frank hoisted a gorgeous combination of green, orange and white, in alternate vertical stripes, which flaunted defiantly from the peak of the little cutter, and caused her immediate expulsion from the R. H. Y. C.—or Royal Hibernian Yacht Club. Indignant at the outrage, and fired by this additional proof of British persecution, Frank and his allies formed a club of their own called, after the Commodore's yacht, "The Nautilus Club." A pretty uniform was adopted, with a nautilus shell on the buttons, and the party sailed the waters of Dublin bay as pinionally as could be wished by the Reddest of Red Rovers—in imagination—for indeed of every sort of war this pioneer of the [illegible] navy was as innocent as the most [illegible] Mediterranean fruit schooner or grimy [illegible] that she sailed round and inspected in [illegible] manner.

[illegible] paced the narrow quarter-deck (two [illegible] with all the majesty of a [illegible] exercised his stalwart crew of "a [illegible] old beggar," in boarding-pikes and small arms, whenever they were out of sight and hearing of other craft. How happy the lad was, to be sure! How he wrote patriotic rhymes by the yard—some of which were printed and praised! How he sang them to old Irish airs or made tunes of his own to fit them! How he tried to learn the bagpipes but desisted because his ear was stronger than his national spirit, and he could not stand false intonation even for the sake of patriotism! Frank's brother was apprenticed to a wine merchant in Abbey street, the wine trade being, at that time, considered the calling of a gentleman in Dublin; and in the extensive vaults of the establishment a body of sixteen brawny porters were enlisted and drilled three nights a week by Frank and his fraternal. Pikes forged by a blacksmith in the Poddle, on the model of the naval boarding-pike, cutlasses and pistols, were the weapons, and really the men handled them very dexterously and were a formidable little party at close quarters. After the drill all hands would retire to an obscure vault and drink success to the Great Revolution in bumpers of port wine from the cask—not very much to the benefit of the worthy merchant whose premises and stock were thus misused; but he was an Orangeman and a Unionist, and was therefore treated as an enemy and despoiled in the name of sacred patriotism. They drank his wine in revenge for the wrongs of suffering Ireland. Frank and his brethren paid a shilling a week each to the men to keep them in a proper frame of mind, and so "Our country, right or wrong," was served faithfully for a consideration. The idea has been found useful in politics since that time. Notwithstanding the deep plots in which the brothers were immersed up to the neck, Frank found time to study music, and joined the Ancient concerts and Philharmonic societies of Dublin, where he gained much practical knowledge of the art. About this time also he fell in love. We need not say that the goddess of his adoration was older than her votary—that goes without saying. The object of Frank's devotion was a mature damsel of thirty-five, with hair "a sable silvered."

Frank loved her with all the gushing fondness of fifteen. She was his goddess—his nymph. He put her on a pedestal and fell down and worshipped at her feet. Her mature charms were all powerful lures to this green boy, and her stale coquetries seemed to him the very graces of Venus herself. And, indeed, it is not only in our salad days that we worship our own imaginings under the *eidolon* of a woman. Many a cold, selfish creature is beautified and adorned out of the abounding wealth of some man's heart, and repays the generous grace by breaking the casket that held the gems.

Between Music, Treason and Love, Frank had a busy time of it, and, to give him still further employment for his energies, he was deputed by a rebel club to go down to a wild district in the West of Ireland, in which his family had for centuries held property, to preach the doctrines of Young Ireland, the Council being of opinion that the example of a Protestant young gentleman, well-known in the county as one of a violently loyal and true blue family, would act as an excitant on the somewhat sluggish patriotism of that remote district. Frank had a chum, a former surgeon in the navy, who had sailed with him in the good frigate *Inconstant*, and who, on the paying off of that vessel, had resigned his commission and retired to his native place to practice, and with this friend, by name O'Nolan, Frank took up his quarters. The wild life of the West, so different from any state of society that he had ever before experienced, amused our hero mightily. He shot and fished with a fresh relish, and devoured rashers of bacon washed down with *poteen* with avidity. However, duty called, and he obeyed. Market day drew near, and Frank, when that convenient period arrived, repaired to the town (if town it should be called), which consisted of one long, straggling street of tumble-down cabins, with a slated police barrack, a poor-house and the doctor's cottage for all its architectural ornaments. The country folks began to assemble, and Frank thought the time was propitious for his essay at revolutionary propagandism. Be it understood that the parochial priesthood of Ireland was all, or nearly all, Old Irelanders or adherents of O'Connell and the Repeal Association, which the Young Ireland party now utterly despised, as effete. There was a cart on the side of the street, from which the horse had been taken, and on the tail of that cart Master Frank mounted and began his oration. The people gathered round and seemed well disposed to listen as Frank expatiated in glowing words upon the ancient glories of Ireland and her present miseries, as he told in graphic sentences how he had seen the cattle driven along the highways to be taken to England and sold to pay the rent of the wretched holdings whereupon they were raised, and how that money was spent in England while the peasants that paid it starved and died by the side of the road travelled by the beasts on their way to the steamer that was to carry them to the English market. A murmur of assent and grief went up from the crowd, and cries of "Thrue for ye, sir," "Faix, I seen it my own self," were freely uttered. Frank plumed himself on his success, and was launching forth into still more fervid oratory when a squat figure in a rusty black coat came up the street and paused awhile to listen. It was the priest, the Rev. Father Doolan, a Maynooth man, and an O'Connellite to the backbone. As Frank paused for lack of wind, the priest stepped forward, looked him straight in the face with a contemptuous smile, and said: "Boys, do ye know who is talking to ye so bold; do ye know that he is one of the b—y Orange L'Estranges that robbed your ancestor of their land; that all his seed, breed and generation are black Protestants; that his grandfather voted for the cursed Union, and that his first cousin Jarman was the man that betrayed Wolfe Tone." A savage howl followed this speech, and his Reverence continued: "Don't listen to him, boys; he's a spy—a base Orange spy—sent down here by the Government to lead you into mischief. Kick him out of town, boys, and God bless ye." No sooner said than done. The shafts of the cart were lifted and Frank was lowered to the ground. Dead cats, rotten eggs and stale cabbages appeared as it by magic. Kicks and cuffs rained upon the young martyr's elevated head, as the emissary of freedom was ignominiously driven from the scene of his efforts in the sacred cause of liberty and patriotism. Frank returned to Dublin, a sadder and a wiser man, or rather boy, and reported at the club that he was ready to fight the British troops and to command the Irish fleet when called upon to do so, but that never again would he venture on a mission of peace and goodwill to his fellow-countrymen of the wild West. Lucky it was that O'Nolan was Frank's host, for it took many a bottle of liniment and acres of diachylon and court-plaster before his bodily hurts were healed, and it needed all the surgeon's jollity and good-fellowship to stanch the wounds of Frank's suffering soul. What was still worse, he had found on his return to Dublin that his father, having rashly ventured out of bounds on a week day, had been captured by the enemy in the shape of a Chancery bailiff and forced to exchange the green fields and blooming gardens of Violet Hill for the arid courts and narrow bonds of the Four Courts' Marshalsea. In fact, things began to look black—the morning was over and the struggle and heat of the day were fast approaching.

(*To be continued.*)

High Rates of Pay.

It is sometimes worth our while to go outside of our own immediate circle and find ourselves surprised by encountering standards which were before beyond our conception. From time to time we hear a great outcry as to actors' salaries. "How," the question is raised, "can one man, by spending three hours in interpellating a few hundred words, possibly earn or become entitled to $50, more or less?" Admit that he is at some pains to dress in good style, make his personal appearance agreeable, and his speech pleasant and acceptable to the ear—$50 for three hours, engagement in such a presentation—"Enormous!" "Outrageous!" "Unheard of!" are the epithets applied to this alleged financial mal-appropriation.

Unheard of, is it? Let us see. Most, if not all, of the readers of THE MIRROR have a notion of such a character as the Book Agent; some have seen him fictitiously or factitiously on the stage, a sort of low comedy travelling bagman, whose devices and antics are of so catchpenny a character as to be dear at any price. This is the imaginary or factitious book-agent. Now, let us look at the real book-agent, not as buffooning on the piazza or lawn like a clown, but as the gentleman admitted to the parlor, who enacts genteel comedy and secures the princely awards which are the cause of so much wonderment. When lately questioned as to the profits of Bible canvassing, the representative in a certain department of a leading publishing house made answer: "You may judge for yourself. This house has paid $20,000 to one agent since September for his personal services in canvassing for one book." The agent referred to had been schooled, and had practised the business for fifteen years; he is a gentleman, a good conversationalist; people like to hear him talk, and he knows how to talk to the right people. We refer to a seeming counterpart in citing the great gains of the Bible canvasser alongside of the salary of a leading actor. But there is, notwithstanding, the apparent diversity of pursuit, relative to the returns, which suggests something like equity in the results.

Even in the Bible agency business, which has been so lavishly caricatured, there is an element of theatrical romance, a touch of sentimental comedy, as on the stage. We are to consider the incidents which attend the rising of the curtain on the embowered and secluded family in a cultivated rural neighborhood. Firstly, there is the arrival of the well-dressed stranger at the gate; in his own carriage, no mean outfit either; a mystery attends him, for he bears with him no sign of the huckster or tradesman. When he has once fixed himself in the respect of his auditors, he proceeds to business. He brings forward his grand and gorgeous books, all alive with pictures and blazing with gold. The sequel answers to its antecedents: He makes a sale, of course, and a corresponding commission. He has played his part; he is an accomplished manipulator of gorgeous volumes.

We have cited these cases of the actor and the book-agent, not to institute an invidious comparison between the artist and the tradesman, but to show that exceptional talent in every sphere will secure exceptional pay. The publisher's clerk being further questioned, "Do men often fail in canvassing?" replied: "Oh, yes. I try 3,000 people a year who think they can be good canvassers, and I think I am lucky if I get ten good canvassers out of the 3,000."

We doubt very much whether, on an equal trial from the ranks of the theatrical profession at large, there could be had ten actors able to take the leading part with the aptitude, success and aplomb with which the well-paid book-agent fills his rôle and accomplishes the task to which he is set. By thus diverging into novel paths we come upon conclusions which throw satisfying light upon our own pursuits.

Novel Writing and Play Writing.

A newspaper which has lately joined the ranks of the big dailies and strikes about right and left with a big-handled hammer, in a recent issue thus emphasizes its opinion on a current dramatic topic: "It is indeed singular that Mr. Wilkie Collins can't construct a successful play. No man who has written stories has shown such an aptitude for plot and mystery—such a genius for unravelling strange human complications. These are attributes certainly of the playwright." An utterance like this betrays how widely the most confident journalist may stray when he abandons mere affirmation, which is the forte of contemporary criticism, and attempts disquisition and analysis.

This is well shown in the comments made upon the recent failure of Wilkie Collins with his new play at the Adelphi, London. It seems to be taken for granted that as Collins was a successful novelist he must needs be a successful dramatist; whereas all the records point the other way. There is no decisive example of the combination of novelist and dramatist in the same person. The nearest we have to it is a very humble instance—Goldsmith, author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," a dramatic or rural romance, and of two comedies of the second or third class—She Stoops to Conquer and The Good Natured Man. Walter Scott, although pre-eminently a dramatic novelist, failed signally in his attempts at play writing. The same with Fielding, the most effective of story-tellers, who could only accomplish subordinate success when he attempted the drama. Bulwer was a novelist, and the author of a couple of successful plays, The Lady of Lyons and Richelieu; but it may be safely questioned whether either of these is to be accounted a true drama. They are theatrical, meretricious, stagy, but not truly dramatic. Charles Dickens, wonderfully successful as a novelist, accomplished nothing as a playwright.

The plot and mystery ascribed to Wilkie Collins as his stronghold as a writer, is one thing in a novel; another in a play. In the first it is plot and mystery prolonged and expounded; in the second case it is plot and mystery condensed and embodying a part of the entire power of character and the action of the piece. The very nature and treatment of the same elements are antagonistic in the two styles of work. The novelist takes his time; the playwright must strike at once. Shakespeare condenses in one page, as a dramatist, matter which Walter Scott, as a novelist, spreads over one hundred pages. The (so-called) dramatic genius as shown in a novel differs altogether from the dramatic genius required in a play. It does not therefore at all follow that he who has written many successful novels can write one successful play.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, June 17.

There is weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth among the genus dude at present. The festive young bank clerk, who heretofore has nightly rigged himself up in immaculate dickey, dress-coat and frequently-cleaned white kids, and spent half his salary on Monday night for a stall, sponging from his chums for the other five nights—this noble bird has laid aside the aforementioned articles of dress; probably confided them to the dear care of his uncle until next season. And why? Because the Gaiety season is over, and it is now possible to get past the stage door after 11 P. M. Moreover, Nellie Farren and Kate Vaughn have had a tiff, and as Kate is soon to be married, or we will say re-re-married, she has betaken herself off to play the spoony heroine in sentimental plays. I never thought Kate was of very much importance at the Gaiety; but the mashers evidently are not of the same opinion. All she could do well was dancing, and that was owing to her natural grace. She always impressed me as being most awfully lazy, and, when not dancing, dragged herself around the stage as if trying to make up her mind where she should drop down and die. Now, if Nellie Farren and Connie Gilchrist were to leave, the Gaiety would almost cease to exist and the drags of the Humane Society would be kept busy fishing dudes out of the Thames. Speaking of the last-named female reminds me of what the great Caroll would call "a small story."

Connie Gilchrist is one of the economical damsels who, at the tender age of fourteen years, on ten bob a week, kept her brougham, and has kept it, or some one else's, ever since. A recent admirer of hers is the Duke of Beaufort, and there were precious few in London who didn't know it. One day, on the Strand, a hansom was trying to pass by a private carriage, and, as is the usual thing, there was a blockade. The driver of the cab and that of the carriage were arguing as to the right of precedence, when cabby was called out to by a fellow Jehu, who asked: "I say, dowsh run into that carriage. Down't you know whose it is?" "Naow," replied the other. "Why, that belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, K. G." "Ow!" A pause. "I say, what's K. G. for?" "Why, stoopid?—it means Connie Gilchrist, of course."

In spite of F. C. Leader's trouble in putting it on, A Trip to the Moon, at Her Majesty's, is at its last station. The only realistic scene is that of the forge where the huge cannon is being cast. The fires and the anvil chorus (not from Trovatore) make one of the finest scenes ever put on the stage; but this only lasts five minutes before being shifted for the final scene of the act. The piece is trash—utter rubbish. The music, by Offenbach—most of it—is unworthy of him, and was probably written in the same mood as was Bach's cantata, "Ach wie Flüshtig"—*i. e.*, when the composer came home hungry and found the dinner was spoilt in the cooking, and, while waiting for the next, occupied his time in writing music. The only thing really worth seeing in the whole piece is the snow ballet, which concludes the performance. It is one of the loveliest conceptions ever put on a stage in the way of a spectacle. The coryphees are good, but the premiere danseuses are not for an instant to be compared to Lepri or Bonfanti. In fact, there are no really fine danseuses now in London. At Covent Garden they are not even as good as at Her Majesty's. At both places they give a good deal to toe business; but I have not seen anything to equal the wonderful balancing that Lepri used to give us in Delibes' ballet, "Sylvia," at the Alcazar.

Youth is still booming along at Old Drury, under the careful guidance of Augustus 'Arris. He has invited everybody he knows and doesn't know to see his production, and the day after he prints their testimonials. Wolseley declares, according to Gussie's circulars, that "the battle scene is very realistic; in fact, it makes him feel quite at home, you know." The Archbishop of Canterbury, according to another circular—not Gussie's—affirms that the clergymen represented in Youth are quite too-too really natural. At the Ascot races, before each race, Augustus sent up a huge balloon with Youth printed on it in enormous letters.

Last week I received a card to attend an entertainment given by Frank Lincoln, the American humorist, at Marlboro' Rooms. Now, as a rule, I hate "entertainments" even by "humorists," and when I went it was more to see who was there from "the Land of the Free, etc." I found the room packed to overflowing, and chiefly with Americans, who, when Mr. Lincoln appeared, greeted him warmly. He is a young man of very pleasing appearance, and his recitations from "Peck's Bad Boy" and Mark Twain were given with a show of not only talent but genius. In one piece, he imitated several musical instruments, such as the cornet, violin, trombone, 'cello, horn, etc., in such a way that in closing the eyes I could almost fancy I were at a musicale instead of a recitation. He goes to America soon, and I suppose you'll hear him there. Among the audience I saw Oscar Wilde; he leaned against the door, preferring that attitude to a seat, and as no one seemed to take any notice of him, he soon retired with his little brother Willie. Oscar has cut his curly hair and discarded knee-breeches; whether he will further follow Bunthorne's advice and put an eye-glass in his ocular, is more than I can say.

Wilkie Collins' play of Rank and Riches, at the Adelphi, is a dismal failure. Wilkie writes a good novel, but he cannot tackle a play. The heroine, Lady Calitta, is played by Alice Dunning Lingard, "the Australian actress," and the London playgoers agree on two points—first, that she is a "fine figure of a woman," and, second, that she is not a phenomenal success as an actress. In fact, had Wilkie Collins put the novel before the public instead of the play, he might have saved himself this present fiasco.

There is really nothing of any note at the theatres. Rip Van Winkle, at the Comedy, will always be a success so long as Fred Leslie pays the title role; The Silver King at the Princess has got Wilson Barrett to make his reign a prosperous one; a would-be funny burlesque of it called Silver Guilt is trying to entice lovers of fun to the Strand; but it is such a very dismal attempt at fun that one wants to weep for being such a fool as to go see it. Toole's Theatre is one of the few places where I have really laughed at a performance since coming to England. His burlesque of Fedora, Stage Dora, is very poor, with the exception of Marie Linden, who imitates Sara B. to perfection. Stage Dora is preceded by Toole's old standby entitled Artful Cards, in which an old uncle, who has not yet sown all of his wild oats, goes on a spree with his frisky young nephew and returns to his fond but rather exacting wife, minus his watch and shirt-studs, giving as the reason for this appearance: "We had a stormy meeting in the Temple." Toole plays the Uncle, and wriggles out of his awful scrapes and makes his excuses to his spouse in a manner which would make one think he had had a good deal of practice at it off the stage as well as on. ZIG.

What's the matter? It has been prominently announced that George Knight and Will Mestayer were to combine forces next season and agitate the country with some grand and overpowering attraction in which their united comical talent would be the prime feature. Now it is announced that Mr. and Mrs. Knight will star as usual in Baron Rudolph, under the management of McKee Rankin and Frank Curtis. The sudden departure from the projected programme can only be accounted for upon the hypothesis that when it came to downright business they both "wanted it all," and ended, as usual, in neither getting anything. Truly ambition o'erleaps itself occasionally.

Historical Essays on the Drama.

XX.

After the celestial and infernal scenery of the prologue, the author descends to earth and puts before his audience the history of Joachim, a youth of fifteen years, who feared the Lord and chastised him daily and hourly for all the sinning unattached to his worldly and eternal well-being. While he is engaged in this laudable occupation his cousin Abias arrives. Joachim proposes that they should visit together his sheepfolds. They go, and his shepherds, Achin and Melchy—both of whom are descended from the shepherd king David—inform their master of the state of his flocks. Joachim determines to divide his income into three equal parts, and to consecrate the first portion to the use of the Temple, the second to the maintaining of his household, and the third to the succor of the poor and needy "and all who are destitute and oppressed."

Having charged Abias with the task of carrying out his intentions, the friends retire—that is, they sit down on the benches, that being the mode of making an exit. A poor pilgrim now appears, together with a sick person called Joas, both of whom are also of the royal race of David, whose descendants seem to resemble the Polish and Hungarian nobility, the members of which are not too proud to black boots for a pecuniary consideration; and in fact the children of Israel have never been boggled at earning an honest penny, be the means never so dubious, providing only that it shall not be through hard labor. The shepherds send their princely but reduced kinsfolk to their master for charity, after the manner of kinsfolk all over the world. Abias, in possession of the third part of his cousin's income, goes to put it in the hands of the High Priest, Ruben, who bitterly complains of the hardness of the times and the lack of devotion among the people, as indeed is the wont of priests even to the present hour. Ruben says:

If it were not for priests, preachers and such,
The Holy Temple would not be worth much,
For the laborer 's surely worthy of his hire,
And dearly bought the lore he doth acquire.
To waste upon these blockheads, master mine,
Like him that casteth pearls before the swine.
If 'twere not for the feasts and holidays,
No Temple they'd approach, nor prayer nor praise
Would offer up, wherefore I think it fit
To use some subtlety and mother wit
To draw the people to the sacred fane
And from their piety some grains of profit gain;
For should I leave them their own course to take,
And pack my wallet and my flock forsake,
Lord only knows what mischief they would do,
So I must stay and starve among this crew.

Abias surprises him in the midst of his lamentations and offers the money and valuables. Ruben receives them with pious joy, rewarding the donor, after the manner of the clergy, with words. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and many such post-obital consolations as make the legal tender of ecclesiastical finance; wishes him all prosperity, and informs him that the soldiers of Herod have burnt all the Books of the Prophets. Abias takes leave, much cast down in mind by the sad tidings. Barbapanter and Arbapanter, uncles of Joachim—and be it remarked here that Benpanter is said by the Talmudic writers to have been the family name of Joseph, the husband of the Blessed Virgin and the putative father of her miraculous babe—occupy themselves seriously about the settling in life of their nephew, who is already twenty years of age and fit to be married. Observe here that the said Joachim was only fifteen a few minutes before; but chronology was never a strong point with the writers who meddle with Christian story. It being necessary that the bride should be of the same tribe as the bridegroom, these two careful uncles cast their eyes on Anna and Ysmerie, the daughters of Yascar.

Abias informs them of the outrage committed by the troops of Herod, which confirms them in their design, because it is sure that from Joachim or from his descendants should come the king promised to the Jews, and it was plain to be seen that all these outbreaks of violence must portend the advent of the Deliverer. So all three go to propose this marriage to Joachim, who accepts joyfully and goes with them to visit Yascar. On their arrival they find Yascar conversing with Anna, touching the birth of a virgin who, according to the prophets, should bring into the world the Messiah. Joachim and his uncles prefer their request to Yascar, who consents and orders Anna to follow Joachim to the Temple. Achin and Melchy rejoice at the marriage of their master and expatiate on the wisdom of his choice; but, the discourse falling on the subject of the cunning of women, Melchy says to his companion:

God-aboots are women all.
Would men on some means could fall,
Safely in the house to keep them.

Achin adds:

Stolen steed—then 'tis too late
Key to turn in lock of gate;
Useless are walls—they'll overleap them.

Ruben takes a constitutional walk before the porch of the Temple, and moralizes thus:

Whoso in hope does not exist,
Is surely little more than beast,
Whoso of wealth hath not good store
Must walk behind—the rich before.
Wherefore I ween the better plan
Is just to gather all you can.
This Temple is my harvest-field,
And 'twill go hard but it shall yield
Enough to keep me from the pinch
Of wipping poverty, for of an inch
I'll make at least a goodly ell,
And how much more, that time alone can tell,
From ancient men who wish to save
Their souls, affrighted by the coming grave.
And sweet young pullets of the female sex,
Whom Cupid and his darts begin to vex,
My market I will make, and thus I'll cater
Both to my gain and that of my Creator.

The worthy priest then proceeds to deliberate on the state of the sovereigns of Judah and finds that the royal line is reduced to this Joachim. This last scion of an illustrious race arrives, accompanied by his uncles and his cousin and followed by Yascar and Anna. The marriage ceremony is performed and on its conclusion all the high contracting parties retire—to their seats on the back benches.

Herod Ascalonitus next appears—King of Judea, but turned into a pagan by the author, we presume by "poetical license." Antipatre, his son, Cirinius, provost of Judea—a Mohammedan also by grace of the author; a Mohammedan before the birth of Mohammed! but that is nothing: the knight Asinorus and Captain Longis. Herod learns of his presence and power. Antipatre partly reminds that all that may be very well, but that it will not hinder his brethren, the sons of Marianne, Alexander and Aristobulus, pretending to the succession. Cirinius adds that he is convinced that they have already plotted to poison the king, their father. It needs no more to determine the monarch to punish them; but an Longis informs him that the guilty ones are in Rome at that moment, the King is forced to content himself by pronouncing a decree of banishment and orders "news-bearer," the royal courier, to travel to Rome poste-haste with the tidings. Zerubabel, Manasses and Manem come to complain of the tyranny of Herod and of the cruelties committed daily by his orders, but on the news of the expected Messiah being told them, they depart in hope of speedy deliverance from all their woes. Joachim and Anna, in despair at having no family, vow to co-consecrate their first-born to God. Their kinsmen conduct them to the Temple to offer gifts according to custom on the day of the Feast of Tabernacles. The High Priest Ruben receives all the offerings except that of Joachim, which he refuses, saying: "Thou art by the law accursed, and from communion now expelled." These words are a clap of thunder to poor Joachim, who murmurs: "What have you said? What have I done?"

Ruben replies: "Your sentence is all of the worst, for with yourself your race shall end."

Anna and Joachim, in despair, implore the aid of God, who, touched by their prayers, charges the Angel Gabriel to announce the birth of a daughter, to whom they give the name of Maria.

Gabriel acquits himself of his commission first by telling the good tidings to Joachim, and, fearing that the age of twenty years which that youth has reached before his marriage might weaken his faith in the prophecy, the angel fortifies him by the example of Sara, who, at a ripe age, conceived and bore Isaac; of Rachel, wife to Jacob, who, after a long sterility, became the mother of Joseph; and, above all, by the example of the mother of Samson. Gabriel adds to these consoling speeches an order to dedicate to God the coming child, and in proof of the genuineness of his mission, instructs Joachim to go to the Temple, where he will find his spouse at the Golden Gate. Gabriel then leaves him and seeks Anna, to whom he tells the same story and gives the same directions.

Anna arrives at the Golden Gate, where she finds her husband, to whom she says:

Oh, Joachim, my husband dear,
True reverence I pay you here.

He answers thus:

Anna, my love, my dearest life,
Come to my arms, my bride, my wife!

And they kiss and fondle like faithful spouses and exeunt.

Herod appears and asks his courtiers what course he ought to pursue with the Jews. They counsel him to change the law and to use rigor. Then the shepherds, Achin and Melchy, come forward to chat about the delicate situation in which their mistress finds herself, and congratulate each other in the joy that her approaching motherhood will cause in the family. The sheep, they say, will crop the sweeter pasture. Melchy adds that it is not all.

The shepherdesses will sing.

ACHIN—

The shepherds will glances fling.

MELCHY—

The nymphs will list the song,
And the Dryads skip along
With the gentle Oreades.

ACHIN—

The great god Pan will gambol there,
Quitting Elysian fields so fair;
Orpheus will twang his tuneful lyre,
Hermès will sweetest strains inspire.

MELCHY—

The shepherds prone upon the green
Shall fall o'erwhelmed by the scene.

Anna begins to feel ill, and Joachim orders his chamberlain, Utan, to attend to her, under whose care she is conducted to the little closet with curtains that we mentioned before, in which all the actions that will not bear too much publicity were performed. Joachim, his uncles and cousins, offer up their vows for her safe delivery.

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Dolce Far Niente.

Nearly all professionals have settled themselves for the Summer holiday. Mountain, seaside, country and city about equally claim the attention of those that are idle, and those that are still working are satisfied (for pecuniary reasons) to pass the usual vacation in that way. There has not been a correct or complete list printed of the whereabouts of the actors, managers and agents who are "a-taking of their *dolce far niente*," so THE MIRROR is glad to give publicity to the following, which is both reliable and comprehensive:

Ada Dyas is in Norwalk, Conn., and will appear the coming season as Mrs. Dick in Young Mrs. Winthrop.—Agnes Booth is in Manchester, Conn. She creates a principal part in Elsie Deane at the Madison Square in the Fall.—Sara Jewett, the coming Juliet, Beatrice and Cordelia of George Edgar's company, is summering at Pigeon Cove, Mass.—John Mackay will find quiet and rest at Asbury Park, where nothing stronger than Pop can be had.—Sadie Bigelow is satisfied with Coney Island.—Henrietta Vaders is enjoying a rest at Cape May and studying for Lady Macbeth, Emilia and Goneril in Lear, preparatory for the George Edgar tour.—Mary Anderson, as everyone knows, is in Europe.—Belle Jackson is fishing for frogs at Germantown, Pa. She will lay aside Daisy Brown and appear next as an Esmeralda in one of the Madison Square companies.—Roland Reed will salt his Cheek at Atlantic City.—Clara Louise Kellogg will be at Saratoga.—Vernona Jarbeau remains at Nantasket Beach, Mass.—Marion Elmore will witness Summer sights in or near London, returning in time to appear as Emelia Jekyll in The Rajah, and go on the road with a Madison Square company.—George Edgar and Treasurer W. H. Davidson will rest for a month at Kaaoag, N.Y.—A. S. Pennoyer, the Tourists' manager, will be content with Philadelphia.—Florence Robinson is at home in Chicago.—Gus Williams thinks the Hot Springs too warm for Summer, so returns to town about the 9th inst.—John T. Raymond and wife are in Europe.—Lotta is at Dieppe, France, cultivating her voice.—May Roberts is at her home near Boston, and will accompany Hazel Kirke as Lady Travers.—C. W. Couldock is enjoying Joseph Jefferson's hospitality at the latter's place in Hokokus, N. J. Mr. Couldock will take up Dunstan Kirke's weary load again in the Fall.—Mrs. William West (Fay Templeton) has gone to Chicago with her husband.—Ada Wood, who is to be the Rosalind, Portia and Regan in Lear, of the George Edgar company, will summer at Long Branch.—John Stetson recreates at his Nastasket cottage.—Estelle Clayton remains in the city, and goes out with one of the Madison Square companies as Constance in Young Mrs. Winthrop.—Sol Smith Russell remains on the road all Summer.—Dolly Pike joins the Madison Square's Rajah company, and is thinking about it at her Boston home. She and Mrs. Pringle are to be identified.—Charlotte Thompson summers at Suffern, N. Y.—Miss Ober, with a few Ideals (Marie Stone, Mathilde Phillipps, W. H. McDonald and wife), is touring Europe.—R. M. Hooley and family, of Chicago, are at Brighton Beach.—L. H. Everett, George Edgar's stage manager, is at Sheepshead Bay for most of the Summer.—James Barrows, now in Providence, will go out with the Madison Square Rajah.—Louise Balfe (Mrs. G. H. Leonard) is at Bath, L. I., with the infant Leonard.—Jennie Yeamans is in England.—W. J. Lemoyne summers on the Madison Square stages in The Rajah cast, appearing later in Elsie Deane.—Mrs. Langtry vacillates between the near New York resorts.—Denman Thompson was on the Square last week, but has returned to the quiet of Swanzea, N. H.—Frank Weston and wife (Effie Ellsler) are studying things Parisian.—M. W. Whitney is at Plymouth Beach.—Rillie Deaves remains the Gladys Wyncot at the Madison Square.—Georgia Cayvan is enthusing over first glimpses of Paris, but must return in time to create the part of Elsie Deane.—J. K. Emmet is at Home Lawn, near Albany.—Raymond Holmes is in California.—Alice Oates is having a successful Summer season at the Spanish Fort, New Orleans.—Barney McAuley is at Mt. Clements, Michigan's resort.—Mattie Dunlap, of the Madison Square stock, is at Nashville, Tenn.—W. H. Compton summers in classic Hoboken, appearing later as old Rogers in Esmeralda company number two.—Eva Garrick is at Manhattan Beach, but will play Marion De Lorme, Nerissa and Celia in the Edgar company.—T. A. Ambrose goes to a New Hampshire resort.—Frank Sanger has purchased a cottage at the Branch, where Mrs. Sanger is already at home.—A. Glassford, Sr., and T. J. Quinn, of the George Edgar company, are together at Rahway, N. J.—Mrs. Charles Leland, Rosa Sinclair and a party of friends are doing the Yosemite Valley.—John Sutherland and wife (Laura Alberta) go to a quiet Long Island resort shortly.—A. C. Comstock, Jr., the popular composer of most of the music for Haverly's Minstrels, has taken his wife to Saratoga.—E. M. Holland, who will play Jekyll on the road with The Rajah, is at Quisset, Mass.—Gustave Frohman is in 'Frisco.—[illegible], manager, George Wilton, is at [illegible].—Fannie Reeves remains in the [illegible] Square reserve stock.—Belle [illegible] are at Oceanic, N. J.—Alice [illegible] of Georgia, is at Canton, Mass. [illegible], after taking in the races and an occasional trip to Brighton Beach, says New York is good enough for him.—Modjeska is in 'Frisco.—Richard Golden and wife, Dora Wiley, are in Europe.—Emma Field, of the George Edgar stock, is at her Buffalo home.—Julian Mitchell goes to Troy this week, and after a few weeks in the Catskills will visit Maggie Mitchell's Long Branch cottage.—Marc Klaw, before starting out with the Davenport Fedora company, will get some rest at Ridgewood, N. J.—Marie Prescott is studying Vera at Long Branch.—Lizzie Jeremy has returned to her smoky Pittsburg home.—Leslie Gossin is at the Catskills.—Maze Edwards will soon take a brief respite from managerial cares in a run to the Branch, where his wife has preceded him.—Mabel Jordan is somewhere in Europe.—Will Paul is sniffing salt air at Chatham, Cape Cod.—Carrie Turner is to play shortly, so remains in New York. She will soon be known as Young Mrs. Winthrop.—Harry Rainforth and wife are at their parents' home in Danville, Ill.—Dick Gorman goes to St. Catherines, Canada.—Edwin Booth visits friends during the Summer.—Alice Dunning Lingard is in London, where she is soon to bring out a new play of Florence Marryat's and where she remains next season.—G. W. Presbury, who is to play Jack in one of the Madison Square Esmeralda companies, is at Florence, Mass.—F. C. Huebner, who appears as Cassio, Banquo, etc., in the George Edgar company, summers in Fordham.—Stuart Robson is inspecting the foreign comic element.—E. M. Roberts is in 'Frisco.—J. N. Gotthold enjoys a few weeks at home in Sewickly, Allegheny County, Pa.—Lewis Morrison and wife, Rose Wood, have a charming cottage at Ocean Grove, N. J., named after their daughters—Mabel-Rose.—E. A. McDowell remains in New York, going out with the Harry Lacy company.—Louise Thorndyke, the coming Nora of Esmeralda, No. 2, is at Navesink, N. Y.—Eben Plympton is at Palenville, in the Catskills.—Manager Charles McGeachy is in 'Frisco.—William R. Hayden, while not talking up Thomas Keene's interests on the Square, will rest at the Highlands, N. J.—Ada Cavendish is in London.—Ed. J. Buckley, the Douglass in a Young Mrs. Winthrop company, is in Nova Scotia.—John E. Owens and wife are at Hot Springs, Ark., and Mr. Owens will spend the season on his farm near Baltimore.—Thomas W. Keene finds his Brooklyn residence as comfortable a Summer resort as any.—Emmie Wilmot is in Boston.—Louise James and wife, Marie Wainwright, are at Nahant, Mass.—Bartley Campbell returns to Germany July 24, presenting My Partner in Berlin Sept. 15.—Minnie Palmer is dancing through Scotland, while John Rogers dances attendance on her.—Tony Hart, with his wife, Gertie Granville, sails for Europe latter part of this week.—Professor Gillette is at Hartford, Conn.—Maude Osborn is down in Maine.—John T. Raymond and wife are taking their usual vacation in Europe.—Ada Gilman, of the Madison Square, is resting near Boston preparatory to playing Dolly in Hazel Kirke.—P. A. Anderson is at home in Philadelphia.—Madeleine Lucette is charmed with her husband's yacht and New York.—Samuel Edwards, of the Folly company, is at Bayport, Long Island.—Frederick Bryton remains in the city, appearing in the cast of Elsie Deane at the Madison Square.—Lawrence Barrett summers in Germany.—Gus Mortimer, with his wife, will take a much-needed rest at his villa at Narragansett Bay.—Mme. Nilsson has a summer home in London.—William Davidge, Jr., and wife, Maggie Harrold, are at Atlantic City. Mr. Davidge goes with George Edgar, appearing as Roderigo, Fool in Lear, etc.—William Welsh, of the Madison Square forces, is in 'Frisco.—Ada Gray summers at Saratoga.—Manager Ed Bloom says if the "fairies are good to the Irish" he may go to Europe in a week or so.—Helen Tracy finds a beautiful Summer resort in the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O., where she is playing a midsummer engagement.—Joseph Wheelock is at the Highlands, N. Y., before going out with a Madison Square company to play Dave Hardy in Esmeralda.—M. B. Curtis has gone to Europe, and of course will visit old friends in Posen.—Clara Spence is at her home in Albany rehearsing the part of Minnie in Elsie Deane.—Nat Goodwin is doing Europe.—Maude Granger, for lack of a Summer vacation, makes Her Second Love debut in San Francisco shortly.—Max Freeman, as Cragin, in The Rajah, is well satisfied to summer in the Madison Square Theatre.—Fred McCloy and wife go to the Catskills soon, and from there to Asbury Park, spending a couple of weeks at each place.—John McCullough is expected at the St. James some time between the 9th and 15th. He telegraphs that he is enjoying rides and fishing at Quincy, Illinois, too much to leave sooner.—Frank Mayo is at Crockett's Lodge, near Canton, Pa.—Clara Jean Walters remains near the Madison Square, appearing later as Mrs. Ruth in Young Mrs. Winthrop.—Horace Wall, to manage the Sothern company, is at Guilford, Conn.—Rose Temple is at the West End Pavilion, New Orleans.—Rose Coghlan, Henry French, Osmond Tearle and The Silver King are enjoying the glorious climate of California.—Henry Davenport, the Met of Hazel Kirke, is at Canton, Pa.—Lillian Russell is sojourning in Solomon's Temple.—George W. June spends several weeks at his Indianapolis home and in Detroit.—Charles A. Haslam, of the Madison Square, is in Nova Scotia.—Frank E. Aiken is in Harlem and down East alternately. He plays Edmund, Barradas, Macduff, etc., in Edgar's company.—Mattie Earle has gone to Europe.—Alma Stuart Stanley has arrived at the metropolis.—George S. Knight and wife have gone to Europe.—Annie Russell summers at Ocean Point, Maine. The original Esmeralda goes Kirking this season.—Dave Longworth divides each week into pleasure and business, one-half at the Branch, the other in the city.—Ella Chapman is in London.—Milton Nobles and F. B. Warde find Brooklyn good enough for them.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcot are at Staatsburg, N. Y. They will appear as Estabrook and Nota in Esmeralda.—Charles Frohman will be in Denver about six weeks.—Harry Rockwood is in Boston.—Kate Forsyth is at Long Branch.—Ed Tannehill, the Dave Hardy of Esmeralda No. 2, is at his home in Lucas County, O.—Emma Carson joins Willie Edouin's company in Europe.—Digby Bell is in Boston.—Alice Harrison remains in New York, while her brother Louis sails for Europe on the 7th in company with Henry E. Dixey.—Joseph Frankau remains in town as Madison Square stock.—Emma Abbott enjoys a rest at Long Branch.—Cecile Rush stays in the city all Summer, and will go out with an Esmeralda company as Mrs. Rogers.—Archie Cowper is seeing Europe at its best.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen are only too glad to remain in the Rajah cast at the Madison Square. They will also have prominent parts in Elsie Deane in the Fall.—William Harris, the actor, will be at the Branch, while Manager Harris can be found around Boston most of the Summer.—Elsie Moore and Jeffreys Lewis are both taking a vacation in Europe.—Carrie Wyatt, previous to her tour as Constance in Young Mrs. Winthrop, is going to pass the heated term up in Maine.—Aldrich and Parsloe will endure separation in Boston and Long Branch respectively.—Agnes Herndon is still in San Francisco.—Carrie Swain is in New Haven.—Helen Sedgwick is in the city.—Mrs. E. L. Davenport is at Canton, Pa. She plays Mercy in Hazel Kirke this season.—Rachel Sanger is in Boston.—Charles Wheatleigh, who is to appear in Elsie Deane at the Madison Square, is at present seeking recreation on Long Island.—W. J. Ferguson will also be on Long Island most of the hot month, resuming his character of Pittacus Green with Hazel Kirke later.—Amy Gordon is playing in Baltimore.—D. H. Harkins, recently arrived in New York, remains until September.—Blanche Weaver is here now, but is soon to go out with Young Mrs. Winthrop as Mrs. Dick.—Edwin Thorne is carrying the Black Flag in California.—Adelaide Cherie will summer in the city.—Dominick Murray who is to appear as Rodney in Hazel Kirke this season, is rusticating at Bordeaux, Canada.—Helen Bancroft will be in town most of the Summer.—Atkins Lawrence is in the city of Quakers.—Maggie Arlington remains in the Metropolis.—W. H. Mallory has gone on a short jaunt to Bridgeport, Conn.—Harry Meredith is in Boston playing.—Julia Hunt, it is is thought, is yet playing out West.—Joseph Murphy, at last accounts, was in Canada.—Sydney Cowell remains in the city for some time.—Augusta Roche is playing in Boston.—Walden Ramsey is in Boston, but appears in the Elsie Deane cast later.—Walter Owen is at Hot Springs, Ark., for the benefit of his health.—Edna Carey summers in and near New York.—Ben Maginley is going to be an old man Rogers in one of the Esmeralda companies. The question of his summering is a standoff between his home in Westchester and Union Square.—Loduski Young, having dropped the prefix M. from her name, feels relieved enough to remain in town.—J. G. Henderson is in the city, and plays Estabrook in one of the Esmeralda companies.—George Fortescue, handsome George, will frequent quiet nooks up in the mountains near Summerton, and forget all about the Bijou heat. His wife and daughter accompany him.—Bertha Welby will contemplate the coming season at Long Beach.—It is impossible for Dave Belasco to leave the Madison Square.—Mlle. Rhéa reflects on her recent successes while summering at Holyoke.—B. S. Crane and wife (Addie Eaton), of Ten Mile Crossing company, are preparing for an extensive tour at Dalton, N. Y.—W. B. Cahill, the Barney of Hazel Kirke, is in town for the Summer.—W. A. Whitecar is with the Lytell White Slave company.—Laura Don will devote her leisure moments to art in the city.—John A. Stevens will look around Europe this and part of next month.—Nick Long, of Madison Square stock, remains in town.—Daniel Frohman may be found at Wyncot Brook, Madison Square Theatre.—Kate Castleton expects to get relief from the dudes among the Thousand Islands.—E. L. Walton, having run against a Snagg, is necessarily laid up in this city. He thinks he will be able to go to Elmira September 3.—May Stembier will probably go to Boston at the close of the Bijou.—Richard Mansfield is having a glimpse of his English home before his coming Union Square season.—Lillian Cleves is in New York, where she will very likely remain.—Alonzo Hatch is also in town.—Linda Dietz is abroad.—Charles Dickson is among the Catskills practicing a new comic song called "Mamma, buy me a dude."—Minnie Conway will combine pleasure with fatigue in a journey from New York to 'Frisco.—Amy Lee seeks quiet on a farm in Westchester County.—George Clarke, engaged for special leading parts at the Madison Square, is at the Lotos Club, this city.—Mary Shaw, of the Modjeska company, is at home in Boston.—Harry Thompson is visiting friends in England.—Kate Denin Wilson is at Staatsburg, N. Y. She goes with Esmeralda as Mrs. Rogers.—David Bidwell, of New Orleans, spends a good deal of his leisure time at Saugerties, N. Y.—Minnie Hauk is visiting the European watering-places.—Frank Farrell spends a Fourth of July vacation in Cleveland, with kind permission of the Continental Guards.—Maude Stuart is summering at Bath, L. I., and will go out with a Madison Square company as Edith in Young Mrs. Winthrop.—Harold Forsberg is growing taller at his home near Washington.—Willie Edouin and wife, Alice Atherton, expect to make the grand rounds of Europe, taking two years for it, indulging in Dreams. Edouin also has his Bunch of Keys with him.—Geoffrey Hawley, of the George Edgar stock, finds Cranston's, on the Hudson, a pleasant place.—John Ince will vegetate in the Square.—Helen Stuart summers at her home in Detroit.—Jennie Hughes will be in town.—Julian Magnus will remain near the Fifth Avenue Theatre.—Annie Pixley goes to her California home.—Pauline Hall considers New York better than Cincinnati.—Frederick Paulding will try the White Mountains.—Louise Muldener is pleasantly situated in Brooklyn.—James H. Stoddart will sojourn at his New Jersey country-seat.—Selina Dolaro will remain happy in her Twenty-third street residence. This is only a partial list, comprising all heard from up to the present time.

From present appearances it seems that Mike Kennedy, John Robb, Jason Wentworth, Harry Mack, Messrs. Reis and Floyd, John Warner and a host of others are going to spend their Summer vacations with Benjamin Maginley in the Actors' Paradise—Union Square.

The Inglorious Fourth.

The Fourth of July has degenerated into a very tame affair. The noble sentiments which should animate its celebration—and which *did* years ago—have been dimmed or obliterated. The patriotic ceremonies that used annually to revive memories of the grand American achievements of Revolutionary days are now dubbed old-fogyish, or, if they be occasionally attempted, are gone through with in a spirit of indifference contrasting strangely with the soul-stirring recollections that gave them birth. Have we forgotten the valor, the eloquence, the steadfastness of the men who gained us our place in the rank of independent nations, that we should pass by with apparent coldness the anniversary of our country's natal day? Shameful as it is, we must admit that it seems to be so. Whether this is due to the inflowing tide of alien peoples or the gradual extinction of true American feeling among those native to the soil, we cannot say. But from whatever cause it may arise, the fact is paramount that a chilling apathy to things patriotic exists, as is evinced by the manner in which our great festival—Independence Day—is slighted or overlooked.

The province of THE MIRROR is strictly the drama, else would it preach a sermon from the above text. The decline of patriotism, however, has a direct influence upon the stage or the stage upon it; therefore does that phase of the subject come directly within our field of observation. The contempt with which everything American is regarded by a certain class has worked irreparable injury to the cause of native dramatic art, literary and otherwise. It has opened up a channel for the influx of foreign trash against whose surging current but few American playwrights have dared to battle. The imported rot is applauded and popularized. A trashy melodrama depicting the departure of the British troops for Africa and containing a battle between her Majesty's red-coated soldiers and a pack of Zulus finds a place on the stage of one of our most fashionable up-town theatres, and after thousands have flocked to see it it is taken to the different cities of the Union, where the same prosperity is met with. Had the piece been written by an American writer possessing brains, and had it illustrated any military episode in our country's history, would it have been given a chance by the manager of the up-town theatre, and if it was would it find favor with the public? No! And yet the several conflicts which our nation has waged are rich with deeds of chivalry, courage and heroism, and offer a thousand opportunities for effective dramatic treatment. If Manager Wallack, for instance, accepted a drama founded on incidents of the Revolution or the Rebellion, in all likelihood his critics would deride it and his patrons laugh it off the bills. Yet they will stomach a bad play like Youth, swallowing its absurd turkey-cock soldiers and their mimic valorous achievements with indescribable relish. This is the condition which the decay of a proper national pride brings the stage.

Now, what influence does the theatre, as the abiding place of such stuff, exert upon the public? We scarcely need point that out, as the effect should be tolerably plain to any person gifted with moderate mental powers. The tendency naturally must be to encourage and intensify the prevailing inclination for foreign fare of this description and, correspondingly, to increase the unwholesome repugnance for native productions. The manager, with a view to propitiating the public, sets before them the rubbish which they seem to crave instinctively. The public, made traitorous by the empty glitter of this superficial trans-Atlantic bosh, turn their backs upon our own dramatists, answering their cries for recognition and fair-play with the taunt: "You cannot write play:—you are Americans!" And by the public we mean the people of wealth, fashion and culture who are found in every large community. They are supposed to represent the worthiest elements in all matters pertaining to art—plastic, pictorial, musical and dramatic—and their tastes may therefore be considered as indicative of those of the rest of our people.

How different is all this in England and France, the countries which supply us so liberally—and inefficiently—with entertainment. Paris will have no American plays (nor English plays either, for that matter; but the London authors get even by stealing the works of the Parisian playwrights and affixing their own names thereto). This conservatism is so strongly guarded as to be absolutely impregnable. In London our authors, while they have in rare instances been able to secure openings, have found the state of things no more propitious. Their works have been prejudged by theatre-goers and critics alike—doomed before they were even seen—condemned before trial—because they hailed from America. The Londoner has too selfish a regard for his own play-makers to allow of their being displaced by invaders from this side of the pond.

Thus the American dramatist, denied at home, turns his face abroad in vain. The countries that supply us with their trash will have none but that for home consumption. We receive what they are pleased to throw to us, like dogs at the master's table. But there is no reciprocity. The food we take to them humbly and submissively they contemptuously reject. This slavish dependence for dramatic supplies upon haughty foreigners ill becomes a republican country which boasts self-reliance and freedom in all things.

It is time for a change.

THE MIRROR wants to see an International Copyright. It wishes to chronicle a general agitation that will result in a Declaraton of Theatrical Independence. It desires our managers and our public to make a bold stand for native dramatic art, and to that end it advocates a strictly protective policy. If our stage is ever to win a distinctive character, to rank in general estimation with the first, we must send back from whence they come the "assisted" plays that are crushing down our theatrical institutions; we must develop our own great, boundless resources, and give ear to the claim of American authorship. The French have shut out alien competition. The English have virtually followed the example of their neighbors across the channel. The result is that the native element flourishes there as it should. We must do the same. After we have established our native dramatic literature on a firm footing we can afford to be magnanimous, throwing open our gates to admit the foreigners, and boldly challenging that comparison which we would then be in a position to invite without fear. At present—for our own sake—we cannot afford to look upon art from a purely cosmopolitan standpoint. We tried that before our national art had sufficiently matured, and with results of the most unhappy character.

Soon we hope to see a general revival of the patriotism of former days, and a rapid subsidence of the Anglomania which is eating into the vitals of our people. At no far distant time we hope, while cannon boom and soldiers and citizens parade the streets in the good old-fashioned style, to celebrate a Fourth of July night in Wallack's Theatre, over which will float the stars and stripes, and where, after listening to the stirring strains of our national anthem, we will witness a play with an American plot, written by an American author, the parts represented by American actors and applauded by an audience of Americans—American in heart as well as by birth.

That would be a great day for America and the grandest celebration of the glorious Fourth held in many a year. May it not be far distant!

One Theatre Sufficient.

There can be no reliability placed in the rumor that the Madison Square Directory contemplate the building of a new, large theatre, after the plan of Henderson's comedy theatre in London. Daniel Frohman, when spoken to on the subject, said:

"No, such is not the case, although if we had the building of another theatre it would be modeled after Henderson's, and contain an entire semi-circle of boxes on the main floor, the seats proper beginning at the top of the boxes and extending back, surmounted by a balcony.

"We find enough to do in managing our present house and the many companies we have on the road. We have a well-arranged system which provides sufficient work for everyone employed, and another house we do not care to think of now. The present reconstruction is simply a remodeling of our offices, which will give additional room that is much needed."

Notice & Warning to Managers.

Having obtained from Mrs. Kate Palmer Stearns the sole right to perform the comedy of

"THE BOARDING-SCHOOL,"

originally played by Miss Minnie Palmer, and John E. Ince last season, and more lately by Miss F. Elliot, under the title of "FUN IN A BOARDING-SCHOOL," I hereby caution all managers not to allow said comedy to be performed by any party without my written consent, as I am determined to prosecute all infringements to the full extent of the law.

MR. JOHN E. INCE

will appear in this comedy, sustaining his creation of

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Care J. Alexander Brown, Dramatic Agent,
64 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

Lament of a Ticket Speculator.

In a conversation with a reporter the other day a ticket speculator delivered himself, by way of peroration, as follows: "We poor devils that built up the business and made it what it is must stand outside, and make our points after we have paid one profit to the lobby-man. If we do not buy of them we are driven away. The real ticket speculators are the managers, and that is the reason why, if you go to the box-office of any theatre, no matter how early, you cannot get a good seat. As long as people are willing to pay the price you may be sure that ticket speculation will thrive. But the way the managers conduct the business now there is very little speculation in it. Such of their patrons as choose to buy outside can get good reserved seats until a late hour. Of course the managers could not reserve their seats in the box-office. But they manage to do it without detection in the lobby."

As things stand now, speculation in tickets is a necessary evil. So long as people are willing to pay $2 for seats they can buy for $1.50 a few feet away, so long will the practice continue. It is not the patrons of the speculators who suffer, but the people who prefer to buy their tickets at the box-office and are unable to do so because the bulk of the desirable seats are in the hands of the sharks that hang about the doors. The lament of the speculator which appears above is ridiculous. He actually blames the managers for regulating an abuse which he and his *confreres* instituted and made prosperous. This is like the wail of the cracksman who deplores the introduction of burglar alarms because he has reduced house-breaking to a science and finds it a profitable pursuit. The accusation he makes against the managers would be astonishing if it were not untrue.

They reap no actual benefit from the business of speculation, for it is not a material source of profit to them. True, in some cases a price is levied on the privilege of selling tickets in the lobby. This is disposed of to one man. But the revenue thus derived is slight, and is about neutralized by the injury which speculating does the reputation of the theatre. The manager cannot prevent the sale of seats on the street, but he can countenance the operations of one speculator whose dealings with patrons will be reputable at least. If fools will insist on giving more for tickets than their regular price, fools must be accommodated. Managers, who are an accommodating set of men, do it in the manner described. If they tread upon the toes of outsiders like the man whose words we have quoted, no one can blame them, since by so doing they are correcting an abuse to that extent of which they are capable.

The only way to put an end to ticket peddling is to make it a misdemeanor punishable by the courts. This, however, is not likely to be done, because our Aldermen, no doubt with perfectly good intentions, recently strengthened the position of the speculators by exacting licenses from them, thereby legalizing the vexatious traffic. It is worthy of note, in this connection, that the wretched business is prosecuted by politicians as well as other classes of citizens. One of the luckiest speculators is connected with the Sheriff's office down-town, where he officiates as deputy. The two occupations are not so far apart as one might suppose. The business of skinning people under arrest and plucking people in quest of entertainment is not so very different, after all.

Some time no doubt a strong effort will be made and the corrupt trade in theatre-tickets effectively broken up. This will happen when our respectable citizens manifest some interest in the government of the corporation and wrest it from the clutches of the greedy, sordid officials who hover, like buzzards hungry for carrion, around our City Hall and Court House.

Openings.

The following is a list of some of the opening dates for the approaching season. But few changes will probably be made in it, and it may be looked upon as trustworthy.

Ada Gray, Philadelphia, August 27. Annie Pixley, Lancaster, Pa., August 27. Anna Dickinson, Harrisburg, Sept. 9. A Wife's Honor, New York, August 13.

Bunch of Keys (Sanger), Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 3. Bunch of Keys (McAdow), Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 3. Bertha Wilby, Trenton, N. J., Sept. 10.

C. B. Bishop, St. Louis, Sept. 2. Charlotte Thompson, August 27. Clark's Miner's Daughter company, Paterson, N. J., Sept. 10. Clayburgh's Creole company, Middletown, N. Y., Sept. 3. Crane's Ten-Mile Crossing company, Albany, Sept. 3.

Devil's Auction, New York, August 20.

Evans, Bryant and Hoey's Meteors, Boston, August 27.

F. B. Warde, Detroit, August 27.

Gus Williams, Detroit, August 27. George Edgar's company, Chicago, August 13.

Henry Irving, New York, Oct. 29. Hanlon Brothers, Cincinnati, Sept. 3. Harrison's Banker's Daughter company, Newburgh, N.Y., Sept. 10. Harry Lacy's Planter's Wife, Cincinnati, Sept. 2. Howorth's Hibernica, Malden, Mass., Sept. 8.

John F. Ward, Pittsburg, August 20. Jenie Yeamans, St. Louis, Sept. 9.

Kate Claxton, Newport, R. I., August 27.

Lawrence Barrett, New York, August 27.

Marie Prescott, New York, August 20. Manager's Tourists, Detroit, Sept. 3. Mestayer's Tourists (Specialty), Boston, August 13.

Only a Farmer's Daughter, Norfolk, Va., Sept. 3.

Rose Eytinge, New York, Sept. 24. Robert McWade, Cincinnati, Oct. 1. Roland Reed, New York, Sept. 3.

William J. Florence, Philadelphia, Sept. 24. William Stafford, Danbury, Ct., Sept. 24. William J. Scanlan, Detroit, Sept. 3. Wilbur Opera co., Saco, Me., Sept. 3.

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